THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS, AND COMMERCE

VOL. XVII. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1861 TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 34.

COMING.

BY ALICE CARY.

They are wandering, they are unrolling—
Hark, how their trampings rolls!
They are coming, coming, coming!
A hundred thousand souls!

From the granite hills, the seaside,
In solid ranks like walls,
A thousand men to take the place
Of every one that falls!

Right on across the midnight,
Bright corned, stars and sweet,
They set flags shining as they come
Like morning on a shield.

Battalion on battalion
The seas in bravery pours
For the colors God's own hand has set
In the bottom of their stores!

In the woods and in the clearings
Our lovers, brothers, sons,
Our young sons and our old men
Are shouldering their guns.

They have heard the bugle blowing—
Hear the thunder of the drum,
And further than the eye can see
They come, and come, and come!

THE HUNTED LIFE.

A STORY OF STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY COL. WALTER N. DUNLAP.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN A CANE-BRAKE.

On the following morning John Head found himself as well as ever, save that his wrist was somewhat lame, where he had sprained it. And Dick and Peter were rapidly improving. I dressed their wounds before breakfast, and found them healing as fast as was desirable. The inflammation had all subsided, and I pronounced them safe from danger.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, as we were riding through a heavy timber upon the bottom land of the Neosho, John approached my side, and touched me upon the arm. I had been alone, buried in thought, and had not noticed his coming. I started when he touched me; and my face must have betrayed me, for he quickly cried:

"What in the world ails you, Maurice?"

I asked him what he meant.

"Why," he replied, gazing intently upon me, "you look paler and paler every day; and you start, when I speak to you, as though you were frightened."

I tried to laugh off the impression, but it was of no use. I could feel, all through me, that I saw me just as I was. I had become, if not a very coward, at least timid and nervous, and the slightest thing was sufficient to startle me from my equilibrium.

"What's the use, Maurice," my friend urged, in a tone of such true devotion that I began to feel my secret loosen in his behalf. "You have something on your mind at times that ordinary inquest. I can see it—I know it. And now let me tell you why I sought you. I did not come to disturb you in your meditations, but to speak upon a very strange subject."

He looked at me, when he said this, as though he would have my permission to speak on; and I signified my desire to hear him.

"I have just come up from the wagon," he resumed. "I have been talking with Scrap, and he has been telling me about the mysterious strange that horses now our train. I saw him twice."

"Saw whom?" I asked.

"Saw the stranger of whom I spoke. He was on horseback, and not more than half a mile off. It was where the vists through the great trees was unbroken, and I saw him very plainly. He looked like a wild man, and I fancied that I could see the lofered stamp upon his face. And I noticed another thing, too. Shall I tell you all?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well—I noticed that Manuel Mortí was not only watching the movements of this stranger, but that he seemed to be deeply agitated. In short, the boy acted as though his very life depended upon the watch he kept. What does it mean, Maurice? I know of this boss reasons to do with your present state of mind. Won't you trust me?"

"Yes, John, I will trust you." I gave him my hand as I spoke; and then, after a brief pause, I added:

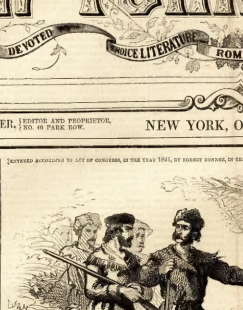
"Touching the boy, I can only say, he is bound to me by one of those strange freaks of friendship with often occurred from very slight circumstances. I found him friendless and destitute, and almost helpless, and I gave him my protection. His heart is large and warm, and its flood of affection, which has been long pent-choked and obstructed, burst forth upon me. He knows my story—I have trusted him fully—and he is watching to protect me from the wiles of a demon that haunts my life."

And then I told John the story of Hector Vandorf. I told him the whole secret of my love, and the sorrow which it had given me, and, furthermore, the purpose of the mad wretch who followed me. He listened with wonder and awe; and when I had concluded he was for a while speechless with amazement.

"I have told you the story just as it is," I said; "and I only ask that you will keep it to yourself. At least, you will keep it for the present. I may reach the home of my youth alive, and I may not. If I should chance to fall—if the demon should accomplish his fell purpose—you may tell my story to those who have a right to know it. You may tell it to your father and mother; and tell them, too, that I always remembered them with love and gratitude. And, when you are married, you may tell it to Kitty; for I feel, even now, that she is my friend."

"But, my dear Maurice," cried John, with vehement energy, "this is all sheer madness.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, OF THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



It must not be so. Good Heavens! do you mean to let the madman wander you while you have the power of protection in your own hands?"

"Ah," I replied, "you don't understand my feelings, John. I have a respect for my life, but yet no great longing for life, if it must be forever desolate. You mean that I can watch my opportunity, and shoot the man who pursues me?"

"Certainly," was John's answer.

"And then," I added, "how should I return to Edith Dunbar. How should I approach her with the blood of Hector Vandorf upon my hands? Even if, out of her great love, she should marry me—which is next to impossible —how would the world look upon the union? People would learn the principal facts, and never cease to go deeper. They would know that Edith's father gave her hand to Hector Vandorf. They would know that I slew Hector Vandorf, and thus gained that hand myself. No, no, John—that can never be. Should I survive the danger that threatens me now, there is one chance in a hundred that I may live to find joy and bliss; but, if I put forth my hand against me life, my doom for all coming time is sealed. If you love the gentle being whom you hope to make your wife, as I think you are capable of loving, there is no need that I should explain further; for you must surely see how it is with me."

We rode on for some distance in silence, John with his head bowed, evidently pondering upon what I had told him. Finally he looked me in the face again.

"Maurice, I can save you."

"You—how?"

"I will sweep this demon down."

"No, no," I cried. "Even as it is most not be. Not in any way must Hector Vandorf's blood be upon my conscience. Let it rest, John. Heaven may lift the burden from me. I will be watchful and hopeful. Let it rest as it is for the present. You can watch for me; you can shield me; but do not raise your hand against that man's life. You understand me."

"Of course," said John, reluctantly, "I shan't do anything against your wishes; but I can't help think of this thing. My mind isn't very yet. You know my nature; but it's only for my present. However, I won't change my mind without consulting you on the subject. Maurice Should it happen that I found the demon in the act of attacking you—should I put his rifle aimed upon you, or his knife raised to strike your heart—should not hesitate, though you forbid me a thousand times. I should kill him, if it lay in my power, as quickly as I would kill a wild cat."

I was not prepared to object to this, and before any further remarks could be made upon the subject, Paul approached, and opened a conversation with us.

About an hour before sundown we passed a cane-brake, and a little farther on we came to a favorable spot for camping, where we pulled up, and set out tents. Our supper was soon over, and by before the sun had entirely disappeared, and while we were lighting our pipes Scrap raised the cry of "a bear!" Our pipes were dropped, and our rifles seized, as quickly as possible, for a bear was something we had not yet captured, and we were eager for both the sport and the trophy.

"Where is he?" cried Paul, who was first in readiness.

"He went 'um right in dar," replied the darkey, pointing to a clump of cotton-wood.

"Are ye sure?"

"O-yah. Dis chile am sah for certin. Boss de Lord, Mas'r Paul, don't ye s'pose I knows a bar?"

The trapper started for the cotton-wood, and we after him. Peter and Dick were not strong, but they had taken their rifles, and were with us.

"Hi! here's his track!" cried Paul. "This way, all of ye. We'll track him now. It's a big one. See what a mark his foot makes."

"Is it a grizzly?" asked Haskett.

"No," said the trapper, "grizzlies don't come so far as this. Their old ne grizzlies this side of the great plains—buffalo, I never used one. No—this yer's a black bar. Can't ye tell by his track?"

Haskett could see but very little in the "track" to which Paul pointed, though he pretended that it was plain as day to him.

"O, Yes," he said, "I see now. It's a regular black one."

Mobbe we'll find him rayther brownish in color," observed Paul; "but then it's all the same. They belong to the same tribe o' varmints 'at your black bear further north do."

"Yes," returned Haskett, with a wise look, "I suppose so. I've stopped a good many black bears in my day."

Perhaps Paul Redding believed this; but the rest of us didn't. Peter Hines, especially, seemed to doubt it; and he deliberately expressed the opinion that Haskett Eastwood never stopped a bear in his life.

However, there was no time for dispute. Paul had struck the trail sure, and he led us on at a swift pace. By and by we came to the cane-brake, where we stopped.

"The bar's in here," said the trapper, "and we must surround him. Start around, all on ye, and I'll take him out."

The cane-brake was of an oval form, and may have covered some two acres of ground; and so soon as we had taken our stations so that the bear could not come out without being seen, the old trapper started in. We listened attentively, and in a little while he cried out that he'd spotted the varmint.

"Look out for him, boys. He's a goin' towards the sun!"

In a few moments more I heard a crashing in the brake not far from where I stood, which was quickly followed by the bear. I listened, with my rifle ready; but the noise was soon checked, and I supposed the animal had stopped. I knew the point from whence the sound had come, and, thinking to aid him in routing it, I plunged in after him. For a distance of a dozen yards, or so, I got along very well, but soon the brake was so thick and stout that I could make no head against them. I could not cut with my knife, and to fire my rifle would be to shoot Paul, who was forced to turn back. In doing this I got entangled in a vine, and was thrown forward upon my face, losing my rifle and one of my shoulder; but I regained my feet, and once more gained my weapons; and, furthermore, I heard the bear crashing away in another direction, the compass I had kicked up having probably scared him. Pretty soon I heard the report of a rifle, quickly followed by a cry from John Head that the bear was coming.

I made my way out from the cane-brake, and found the bear was not off, with a bullet through his heart. He had come out not over a rod from where John stood, and that the chance for a shot had been a fair one.

"Pay me well done," said old Paul, as he turned the beast over, and saw where the bullet had entered just behind the fore shoulder. "That's the best place to take 'em."

"Yes," added Haskett, "that's where I always hit 'em."

"Yes," cried Peter, with a comical look.

"Certainly," repeated Haskett.

"And how many did you ever hit in that way?"

"O, I couldn't tell, I'm sure."

"No," said the trapper, "guessin' of the finger, I guess you couldn't."

"You feel kind o' crooked, I guess, old bowber-face," retorted Haskett, in high dudgeon. "You'd better take a shot at that bottle o' yours."

"Not so soon after supper," returned the old stager, quietly; and then he went to congratulate John on his good fortune.

The bear was a large one, of a dirty brown color, and his enough to give us promise of a good breakfast on the morrow. Paul and Scrap started to drag him to the camp, while the rest of us followed on behind. The sun was just sinking, the twilight landscape having become merged into the deep shadow, and as I looked for my wagon, to see what time it was, I found that I had lost it. It must have been thrown from my line when I fell in the cane-brake; and, simply remarking to my companions that I had left something behind, I hurried back after it. They did not suppose I was going far, so they kept on. I found the place where I had entered the brake, and upon reaching the spot where I had fallen, I found my watch, safe and sound. I put it back into my fob, and having secured the guard, I turned to come out. It was dark now, and growing in that deep labyrinth, and I was forced to watch so narrowly my way as I stepped, that I forgot, for the while, the mystic dream to which I might be exposing myself. But I thought, when I turned from my companions, I should have called John back with me. But it was too late now.

CHAPTER XVII.

HEAVEN HELP ME.

As I stepped out from the cane-brake, my face was towards the west, and I stopped to look upon the crimson hue of the sunset heaven, when it came to view through the great trees. It was not like our summer sunsets upon the Hudson—none of those rich, gorgeous tints which fasten the attention, and excite the envy of the painter—but the colors were ranging from a vivid, almost-like green to a sombre blood-red, and I watched them as they merged into a pale, leaden hue. As I stood there, looking upon my rifle, I heard a rat-like tread close by me, and almost before I could turn a hand was laid upon my arm. The instant I felt this touch—for, in the moment, I knew that step—I knew what presence had come; so, when my arm was seized upon the forelink face of Hector Vandorf I was not startled.

Nor, may I was not startled when I saw him. When the sound of his step first fell upon my ear there was a quick bound of my heart, and for the space of a single instant there was a sense of fierceness passing along my nerves like the shock of an electric battery. On the next instant I was as free as a rock, and as clear in thought as the waves of the ocean's deep. It was the result of no effort on my part, but this power came from a source entirely above and beyond my will, seeming to descend upon me like a inspiration. And then, when I turned and met the madman's gaze, I was calm and collected.

Vandorf seemed to have grown more tall and slender, and more spectral in appearance, than when I saw him before. He was frightful to look upon. He was the very incarnation of the spirit of death, and, as he bent his burning, bloodshot eyes upon me, I could read, in that demon light, that he regarded me as his sure victim. It appeared as though he felt himself above me—as though he regarded himself as an instrument in the hands of a higher power, for wreaking vengeance upon me. And when he turned his hand upon me, he did it with the air of one who salutes a subject.

"Maurice Gurland," he said, in a grinding, blood-thirsty tone, "the time has at length come, your life is mine! I have waited for this hour long enough. I have hunted through forests and through sunshine, through the day and through the night, in the forest and upon the prairie, in all hours and in all seasons, and now I have you in my power. In my way shall you set no longer!"

He took a gleaming knife in his hand as he spoke, and the sern was raised to strike. Had he stricken without speaking—had he pounced upon me in his deadly intent, and given me no warning—that hour might have been my last on earth, but he had been too sure of his game. I knew that he was mad, and, under the astounding influence of the new power which had possessed me, I met him as calmly as I would have met one of my own companions, knowing that thus only could I save myself, for my rifle was at rest, as were my other weapons, and I could not have presented one of them with safety to myself while he was thus on his guard. And, furthermore, I verily believe that he had full faith that I could not kill him. He had once told me so, and his actions confirmed it.

"Hector Vandorf, wait one moment," I said, without betraying even a sign of self-defence. "Before you strike, I have a word to say to you."

His arm was arrested, and he seemed desirous to hear me. It was the spirit of the maniac mind at bay by the presence of unequal calmness.

"If I am to die," I continued, "I would give you one piece of information which may be of service to you when you return to your home."

I never spoke more gently in my life, nor did I ever feel more calm and resolute. The arm dropped lower down, and the head was bent to listen.

"You will go back, and you will see my friends. There is one to whom I would send a dying message. Will you do me this last kindness? I may never ask another favor of mortal man."

The hand that grasped the knife had sunk low down, and the fierce fire of the demon eye was for the time subdued.

"What would you say to me, Maurice Gurland?"

"Will you carry my message?"

"Yes. But speak it quickly."

The madman was in my power. He was thrown completely off his guard, though it might be only for an instant. And yet in that instant what a host of thoughts passed through my mind. My hand was not far from my pistol—I could grasp it—I could leap back, and meet the maniac dead. But it was not so to be. The other impulse prevailed, and I spared the life which I could not take. With all the power I possessed, and with the quickness of thought, I clutched my fist, and struck Hector Vandorf as I had stricken him once before—struck him a terrible blow, and as the ground as though a lightning-bolt had fallen upon him. I did this, and then I fled with all speed. I heard him rise, and I heard him curse, and mock John and Haskett.

"Have you been up to?" asked John.

"Only to find my watch," I replied. "And I have found it."

But you're all out of breath. What makes you tremble so?"

It had grown so dark that I was able to hide the face which my face must have told could it have been plainly seen, and I professed that I had had a hard job in getting out from the brake.

"And," I added, as I saw that John was watching me narrowly, "I must confess that I have been a little frightened. I came very near putting my foot upon a serpent. I think it was a moccasin—perhaps a rattlesnake. And while I spoke I hurried on towards the camp.

"Hold on," said Haskett. "Who's that following us?"

"Nobody," I replied. "It's only your bare."

"Bear!" he cried, when he heard that. "Bear, by dy. Hark!"

He stopped, but I did not, and presently he rejoined me without having found anything.

"But I know I heard something," he persisted. "You can't beat me out o' that."

"I may have been mistaken," I suggested.

"I don't know what it was, nor do I care," returned Haskett, somewhat doggedly. "I know I heard something, and that's enough."

When we reached the tent it had grown quite dark, and I went away by myself awhile, thinking to regain my equilibrium of spirits. Ere long, however, John found me, and sent me to bed by my side.

"Maurice," he said, in that old tone of love that opened my heart at once, "you have seen the madman again."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"Because I heard you talking to the fiend."

"Yes, John, it is even so. I have met him again, and spoken to him face to face. He approached me as I came out from the cane-brake."

"And he tried to kill you?"

"Yes."

"Did you suffer him to go away alive?"

"I did not strike my foe, John. He is in my power—I could have slain him had I been so minded, but I dared not do it. I only knocked him down, and then came away from him."

"Left him to attack you again," said John, thoughtfully, and with a look of pain.

"Don't touch me upon that point. Even now I have told you more than I cannot explain my feelings further than I have already explained them. I keep it all in my own breast."

John shook his head and then went away, and he knew or cared I was left alone. I cannot tell you what thoughts passed through my mind during that hour. It seemed to me that the Night was coming closely upon me. I was sure that I was not safe, and sure to die Dark Valley. The Shadow was coming its gloom into my soul. Again and again I asked myself why I had not slain the maniac while he was in my power; and, for an answer, I thought of the last look of Edith Dunbar. But should I suffer this, even for the keeping of that dim hope? Should I wait for the fiend to spring upon me, or be cut off by the demon hunter? Was it my duty? Was it right? Was it wise? Was it manly? Was it just?

I felt myself upon the ground, and prayed to God for strength and support. My brain was in a whirl—my heart was full—and more than I could only groan in my deep anguish.

Most of my companions were asleep, and Dick had mounted guard. It was the first time he had been on since he was wounded. I had spoken to my feet, and was trying to shake off actions to my feet, and was trying to shake off the incubus that oppressed me, when a light footfall sounded by my side. It was Haskett. No; for the boyish tread was too familiar. It

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

was Manuel; and he laid his hand affectionately upon me.

"Come, Maurice, let us go into the tent."

He spoke as quietly as I might have spoken to a child.

"I was just going," I told him.

"You have been here sometime," he resumed.

"Yes," I said.

"I went into the tent, and did not find you."

I remembered then that this was the first time I had seen Manuel since we went after the bear; and I asked him where he had been.

"I have been on the watch," he replied. He hesitated a moment, and then added: "There is no need that we should hide anything from each other. I know that the Life-Hunter has crossed your path again, and I have been watching that he does not return. You might not have been safe, even here, had I not been flitting near you. You are too careless. You must be more careful. But come, we will go to the tent now."

And Manuel Marti led me away, as though he had been the stout man and I the weak boy. He asked no further questions, and made no further remarks; nor did I.

I slept some during that night; but not much; and even my moments of slumber were disturbed by dreams most horrible. I awoke several times with the cold sweat standing in great drops upon my brow, and my heart throbbed wildly and painfully.

The coming of the morrow's sun gave me some relief, but not anything like what I needed. It was a relief, however, and I breathed less heavily.

As we rode along in the forenoon, still in the heavy timber, Manuel came up by my side. I saw that he was worried, and I asked him the cause.

"I have been listening to the conversation of John and Dick," he said, "and their remarks have led me into a mood of uneasiness."

"And what have John and Dick been saying?"

"They have been talking of what transpired during their watch last night. Dick, you will remember, had the first watch, and he is sure that some one was lurking near the camp while he was on post. John was on from midnight till two o'clock this morning; and he knows that a stranger was near him two or three times. Once he saw him, and would have shot him had he not so quickly disappeared. Thus it appears, Maurice, that the madman was lurking near the camp all night—nearer than he ever lurked before. As we approach the bounds of civilization he seems to grow more eager and daring. O, what shall save you! Will you not watch every moment of your time? You must do it. Even as you ventured last night you must not venture again. If you can survive to reach some place where the law prevails, you may be saved. But—you must think of this. You must not for one moment forget the danger that lurks near you all the time."

Then—then—I did not think so much of the boy's intense anxiety as I thought afterwards. I was too deeply engaged with the subject he had presented. I realized it—realized it all. I knew just how keenly the maniac was scenting my blood. I knew how he would watch for me, and how difficult it would be to escape him the next time chance threw me in his way. And my thoughts went on to the future, and I spoke them to my companion as I felt them.

"Ah," I said, with my head bowed, "I may reach some great city alive—I may even reach the banks of my own bright Hudson—but what promise have I, even then, of safety?"

"The madman may be apprehended, and confined," suggested Manuel.

"I fear not," was my reply. "I think I know the nature of such mania too well. The moment we reach the land of civilization, the demon will put on all the subtlety of the serpent. I shall be in far greater danger there than here. Only think of the thousand ways in which life can be destroyed. Think of the avenues of concealment that will be open to him, and the many seasons of exposure that I must pass."

Manuel made me no answer to this; and before I could speak further we were joined by John and Dick.

I could not stand this agony of thought any longer; and, with one mighty effort, I threw it off. I hailed John in a gleesome mood; I rallied Dick upon the subject of a miniature he carried in his pocket; and then broke forth into song. Manuel, who seemed in no mood to join me in such a strain, fell behind, and I took care that the conversation should take no dubious turn.

At noon we stopped for dinner where some party had pitched a camp before us; but, from the direction of their trail, it was evident that we should not fall in with them.

Late in the afternoon we came to a broad, deep stream, rolling darkly through the forest, and we resolved to ford it before we camped. While Paul Redwing was looking for a place where the wagon might be started over with safety, I turned my horse to move further down the stream. I had taken but a few steps when Manuel was at my elbow.

"Beware!" he whispered. "Don't leave your companions. The mad hunter is on your track."

"Have you seen him?" I asked.

"Yes," replied the boy, "I have seen him twice this afternoon. O! how wild and fierce he looks!"

I would not court the dark fate; so I turned and rode back. Once the impulse was upon me to tell John of my agony, and ask him to watch, and shoot the demon; but the words were not spoken.

Not yet—not yet. But how long could I live so? How long could sense and reason bear up under the frightful burden?

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SHADOW PASSES AWAY. A THUNDER-CLAP!

In all our wanderings through the wilderness the stream before which we had now stopped was the worst one we had been obliged to ford. Paul, however, at length found a place where he thought the wagon could be got over in safety, and after the mules had been driven into the water, he went ahead to guide them, or rather to select a way for them. When about half-way across, as he turned in his saddle to speak with Samp, his horse, feeling an uneven pressure upon the rein, turned his head up the stream. In his sudden movement to bring his beast back to the proper course Paul was a little too hasty, and the result was, that the horse stumbled and plunged; and, a further result was, that the rider lost his seat, and slipped off into the water. For a few moments there was some danger that the mules might become restive, and upset the wagon; but Samp urged them with an experienced hand, and finally brought them to the opposite shore in safety. In the meantime the old trapper had also gained the bank, and caught his horse, suffering no further than a thorough soaking of clothes and accoutrements. For the wet of his garments, however, he seemed to care but little, being most anxious concerning his rifle and pistols; and, as soon as he had attended to pitching the tent, he left us to make the other arrangements, while he went at work upon his weapons.

"Wal, boys," said Paul, as we gathered around in front of the tent after supper, "this yer's the last stream we'll have to ford in the wilderness; an' I reckon we've seed the last of our huntin'. In a little while we'll strike the great prairie, an' beyond that we'll find settlers."

"I'm glad of that," cried John. And I thought he looked at me as though he was glad on my account.

"So am I," responded Haskett. "There's a small branch of the Pendexter family that'll be glad enough to see me at home once more."

And Dick said he was glad, for his business needed his attention.

And Peter, too, was glad; for he had a little family, close upon the shore of Lake Winnipiseogee, who might be somewhat anxious concerning him.

And how was it with me? I cannot tell. I tried to feel thankful with the rest; but my heart was too heavy. Yet I talked of home, and joined in the general conversation with as much spirit as possible.

At eight o'clock I went on guard, to stand till ten. John was anxious to perform the duty for me; but I would not allow him. After the rest had retired Manuel came out to keep me company. I did not repulse him, for I wanted his companionship—not alone for the safety which it gave me, but for the calming influence which his presence seemed ever to bring with it. When all was still and quiet, and I knew that those in the tent were asleep, I went and sat down under the shadow of the wagon, the boy keeping close by my side. A strange mood had come over me—a calmer mood, and more serene, than I had experienced before for a long while. At the end of a silence which had lasted nearly an hour Manuel looked up into my face, and asked me what I was thinking about. It was so dark that I could not see his features plainly, but yet I knew that they wore a sober, earnest expression.

"I was thinking of old times, and of old scenes," I said. And, as it gave me relief thus to unbosom my thoughts, I told him more. "I have been thinking of the friends of my youth," I resumed; "of my father and of my mother—of the strong, bold man who labored for me, and who led me up, from childhood to vigorous youth, in the way of an honorable, active life,—and of that sweet, gentle woman, who was the first to love me, the first to smile upon me; who bore me upon her bosom through helpless infancy; who bore me in her heart while she lived; who wept when I suffered, and smiled when I was glad; who called me her darling even when the strength of manhood was upon me; and who has left to me a legacy such as cannot be afforded from the material wealth of all the earth—the legacy of a mother's character, in virtue and love and honor, as bright as the celestial halo that encircles the throne of heaven."

I paused, and bowed my head, and in a moment more I felt Manuel's hand upon my shoulder.

"You have had blessed thoughts," he whispered.

"Aye," I added; "and I have thought of another. I have been thinking of one who has come near to the centre of my heart. She does not take the place of my mother—she does not crowd upon the holy reverence in which that sainted image is enshrined; but her fond presence finds its home close by the older love, and seems to blend with it, as two harmonizing colors will blend together, developing new and deeper hues. I have been thinking of her, Manuel; and I have been wondering if I should ever see her again."

"And how came the answer to the wonder?" asked the boy.

"An answer seems to be whispered to my soul, from some spirit-voice within, that I shall behold her yet again. O, God grant that it may be so!"

Manuel uttered a fervent Amen; and we were silent and thoughtful again.

At ten o'clock I called Haskett, and then Manuel and I retired to the tent. I rolled myself up in my blanket, but I did not sleep much. I dreamed strange dreams, and heard every sound that broke upon the air. At midnight I was awake, and heard Haskett call Dick to relieve him. And then at two o'clock I was awake, when Dick came in and called Paul Redwing.

The trapper got up and shook himself, and asked if the wind weren't blowing.

"Yes," said Dick, "and it blows kind of cool, too."

"An' these yer clothes o' mine are as wet as water," growled Paul. "I dried my rifle, but forgot my jacket."

"Take mine," said Dick.

"Bless yer soul, that yer jacket o' yourn wouldn't go half onto me. But here's the capt'n's coat 'at he wears over his jacket. Now that yer'd go jest right."

"You may take it," I told him, lifting myself upon my elbow.

It was a loose, grey army coat, of light fabric, and it fitted him very well in the place of a jacket. He put it on and went out, and pretty soon I lay down again. And this time I fell asleep, and slept quite soundly for an hour or more.

When I awoke, it was from a low, stifled cry close by me, and upon starting up I found Manuel sitting by my side. The day was just breaking, and I could see that he looked wild and frightened. I placed my hand upon his arm, and asked him what was the matter. He gazed up into my face with a sort of waking stare, and asked if that was me.

"Of course it is," I replied.

"And are you safe? Are you unharmed?"

"Of course I am. How could it be otherwise?"

"Oh," he cried, clasping his hands upon his bosom, "what a frightful dream I have had."

I asked him what he had dreamed.

"I cannot tell it," he said, pressing his hands upon his brow. "O, it was very, very fearful. I thought you had met the maniac in the wood—I thought I stood by and saw the meeting—and I was so chained to the spot that I could not move. I saw the maniac take the form of a fiery demon, and then he gnashed upon you with his frightful teeth, and put forth great claws to tear you limb from limb, and he howled, and cursed, and spoke such impious words that my heart almost ceased to beat. O, how real it seemed!"

"And yet," I said, soothingly, "it was but a dream. The day has broken; let us go out and take the fresh air."

But he did not wish to go out then. He felt weak and faint, and preferred to lie down again.

A little while after this I heard my name called, and upon looking up I saw Paul standing at the entrance of the tent.

"Ef ye're awake, Capt'n, won't ye jest come out?"

I arose at once, and when I had gained the open air I found that the sun was just rising.

"Come this way a bit," said the trapper, leading me beyond the wagon. "I've got something to say to ye."

I saw that he wore a very serious expression upon his face, and I knew that he must have something of importance to communicate. When we had reached the point towards which his attention had been directed, he stopped and turned.

"Capt'n," he said, "I ain't a man that likes to poke into other folks' secrets, so I've never asked you any foolish questions; but I've had my thoughts about me, an' mebbe I've hit as nigh the truth as though I'd had it from yer own lips. In course you've had an enemy on yer track ever since ye've been on the trail, an' that yer enemy's been a huntin' yer life in every possible way. Isn't it so?"

I told him it was.

"An' furthermore," he resumed, "from some cause or other you've hesitated about killin' the villain, even when ye had a chance. Isn't that so?"

I admitted that it was.

"Wal," he continued, "I'm kind o' suspicious that I've had an adventur with that very chap. Ye see, in the fust place, I tumbled into the river, when we was a fordin' it, an' got my clothes wet. In the next place, my jacket bein' wet, I put on your coat to wear when I went on post. Now, ye see, that yer coat is kind o' pecul'ar. Thar aint another one in the camp like it, an' 'tisn't a bit surprisin' that in the night, without a moon, the man with that yer thing over his shoulders should be took for Captain Maurice Garland.

"Wal, I went on guard with that yer coat on, never dreamin' what a scrape it might git me into. I reckon I'd been on an hour, or sich a matter, when I thought I seed somebody a movin' among the trees not a great distance off. I went that way, but didn't find nothin', an' so come back. By'm by I went down to the river, an' took a walk up stream a little way. Mebbe I'd gone up a hundred yards or so, when I stopped an' leaned on my rifle. I wur a lookin' into the dark water, an' thinkin' of old times. All at onct I heerd a step close to me, an' a voice said, '*Maurice Garland, the hour has come!*' Them was the very words, spoke jest about like as a snake would hiss. Ef I'd a waited till I heerd them yer words afore I moved, I mightn't 'ave been here a tellin' you this story, but, ye see, I'm a leetle too used to usin' my ears to be caught in sich a way. The step had warned me, an' I wur ready for any danger. A long, sharp knife wur aimed at me, but I caught the arm that held it, an' gin it a twist 'at made the varmint squirm like a copperhead that's been shot. Ef ever I seed a pair o' painter's eyes sot into a human head, that yer head had em' in, sure. Bless yer soul, I never seed sich eyes afore. I tell ye it didn't take many seconds for me to diskiver 'at that yer chap wur mad as a buffalo bull with a bullet in his hide. When he found 'at I had his right arm fast, he jest took his left hand an' draw'd a pistol.

"Well," said I, as Paul hesitated, what happened next?" I spoke in a whisper, and my hand clutched the old trapper's arm with quivering eagerness.

"Wall," he replied, "under the circumstances, thar aint but one thing that could 'ave happened very well. I rayther made up my mind 'at somebody'd got to die, and I sartinly didn't mean it should be me. Thar wasn't no other way. I knocked the madman's left arm down, an' then shot him through the head."

"Is he dead?"

"Sartin he be."

I staggered back against a tree, and covered my face with my hands. For a few moments my brain was in a whirl, and my heart palpitated as though it had lost its balance. In a little while Paul came and laid his hand upon my arm, and asked me if I would go and see the dead man.

I was strong again, and I told him I would go.

As we passed the tent our companions came out, and were suffered to join us, for they knew something unusual had happened.

Up by the river's bank, some thirty rods from the camp, beneath a great black oak, lay the lifeless body of Hector Vandorf, with the face turned upward, and the right hand still clutched upon the long, gleaming knife. Even in death that face wore the fiendish look, and I shuddered as with a quaking fit, while I gazed upon the ghastly scene.

I could not refuse the request which came from the eager, inquiring gaze of my faithful companions; and I told them the story of the relations which had existed between me and Hector Vandorf. I told them why he had hunted my life; and I told them how he had hunted it; and I also tried to make them understand why I had kept my hand unspotted by his blood.

"But," said Paul, "ye aren't sorry 'at he's dead?"

"No, no," I cried. "O, Heavens, no! He has courted the fate, and his death is of his own wild work. God have mercy upon his poor shattered spirit!"

"We'll dig his grave here," the trapper suggested.

I told them to dig the grave as they pleased; but asked them to spare me awhile. This they readily consented to do, and I turned away from the place.

I found Manuel in the tent alone. He had arisen from his bed, and was sitting upon a camp stool.

I told him I had news for him.

He must have read the intelligence in my face, for he trembled violently.

"This morning," I said, "before daylight, Paul Redwing went on guard. His own garments were wet, and he put on my overcoat in place of his jacket. Thus habited he was seen by the mad hunter. Can you not guess the rest?"

Manuel seized my arm, but did not speak. His look urged me to say on.

"The lurking madman mistook the trapper for Maurice Garland, and attacked him," I resumed.

The boy's grasp tightened upon my arm, and his frame shook convulsively.

"He struck at Paul with the very knife he had twice aimed at me. There was no help for it; a life was to be sacrificed; and the trapper, not willing to give himself a victim to such a fate, shook off the demon, and shot him."

"Shot him!" repeated Manuel, in a whisper, while his face grew pale as death.

"Yes," I replied.

"And Hector Vandorf——"

"Is DEAD!" I added, finishing out the sentence.

A low, sharp cry broke from Manuel's lips—he staggered back—and sank fainting upon the earth. I sprang to his assistance; and my first movement was to tear open his jacket to give him air, and offer his heart room for play.

Merciful Heaven! What a revelation burst upon me! I was weak and faint; and I pressed my hand upon my brow to assure myself that I was awake.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

I was not dreaming. It was not a wild phantasy of a disordered brain. I was awake—in the full possession of my senses, and all this was real.

Had I been blind all this long time, or had the disguise been in reality so complete.

I put back the folds of the jacket over that fair white bosom, and then I lifted the drooping head to my breast. My strength returned to me quickly, for there was need of it.

I chafed the brow and the temples; I clasped the small hands in my own; and by and by, as if from the electric influence of my gaze, the eyes opened, and a soft, uncertain light beamed upon me—but uncertain not for long. The light gradually grew more intense and fixed, as though the bright orbs drank in the meaning of my enraptured gaze.

I whispered—tenderly and carefully—whispered a name—a boy's name no more. I whispered—"Edith!"

She gazed upon me one moment after that, and then reached her arms around my neck, and pillowed her head upon my bosom. I held her thus a little while—held her until she had regained somewhat of her composure—and then she started up and said she would seek the fresh air.

I told her that they were digging a grave, and I asked her if she would like to take a last look at the mortal form of him who was to be buried.

"No, no," she quickly replied, quivering till I almost feared she would faint again. "I could not bear it. And, beside, I should expose myself to our companions. I must not do that, Maurice. While we are in the camp, I must be as I have been. O, grant me this. Promise me."

Of course I promised her; and then, at her request, we walked out into the forest, away from the danger of interruption. She gained strength and calmness as we walked on; and when we finally stopped, and sat down beneath an old oak, she told me the story I had been so anxious to hear.

"Dear Maurice," she said, with one of her hands resting in mine, "I did not mean that my secret should be discovered so soon; and yet it is a wonder to me that it has not been discovered before. I have feared, many times, that you would see through my disguise."

"I have been blind," I cried, as I gazed now upon her loved face, every lineament of which was as palpable through the tawny stain as are the stars in the cloudless sky of night.

"No, no," she said, shaking her head; "not so blind after all. My disguise was complete. I studied hard to make it so."

"But," I added, "only think of the thousand little things that should have led me to a solution of the mystery. Your love for me—your tears when I was sad—your fear when I was in danger—your smiles when I was glad—and your strange sympathy for me in everything. O, I ought to have seen this before."

"It is ever thus," Edith replied, with a light smile breaking over her features. "The most perplexing puzzles appear as simple as daylight when the solution has been given to us."

I admitted that she was right; and she then went on to tell me of the step she had taken.

"After you had gone away with your companions upon your western excursion," she commenced, "I expected that Hector would press me for my hand without rest; but in this I was mistaken. On the contrary, he did not come near me; and at the expiration of two weeks I learned that he had gone off. A fear of the truth even then flashed upon me; for I knew his temper, and had reason to believe that he was fairly mad. I found Charles Stewart, and from him I learned the truth. He told me that Hector had started in pursuit of you, and that he would hunt you until he had taken your life. I went home, and spent one night in reflection and prayer, and my resolution was formed. I believed that the madman would lurk upon your track, and endeavor to strike you unawares; and, if you had no warning, you might not escape his deadly intent. To save you was the one object of my soul's every desire, and upon it I bent every energy. I dared not tell my mother what I meant to do, so I went to the city of New York upon the pretense of visiting friends there. I found two men—they were devoted friends of mine, and also friends of yours—and when I had told them my story, they agreed to help me. I then wrote to my mother, informing her of all my plans; and immediately afterwards started for St. Louis, my two friends bearing me company. We made the journey as rapidly as possible, and when we reached that city, we found the hotel where you had stopped, and easily learned the direction you had taken.

"I spent another night of extreme anxiety. If I followed you, as I had resolved to do, I must remain with you; and if Hector Vandorf should see me in your camp, matters would only be made worse. I knew that he was after you—that he would hover near you—and that I could not join you without being seen by him. So I studied up this disguise, and my friends assured me it was complete. We engaged three experienced guides, who pledged us that they could follow Paul Redwing's trail, and then set off. I will not tell you how anxious and eager I was while thus pursuing you; nor how fervently I prayed that God would help me to reach you before the maniac could strike you. At length we came near you—we came so near that I knew I could reach you alone, and in safety—came so near that I saw you living and strong,—and then I bade my friends turn back, and suffer me to proceed. At first they hesitated; but I finally prevailed, and they bade me farewell. Had they come with me to your camp my secret would have been mine no more, and to give up that I was not willing. It might have defeated my object. If I would be unknown to any, I must be unknown to all.

"As soon as my companions had turned back, I pushed on, and entered your camp. You know what followed. You remember the story I told, and how I was received. But, Maurice, you do not know how difficult it was for me to contain myself in your presence. O, how this poor heart did beat, and how weak I was. But I succeeded—I fulfilled my purpose. I have watched you many an hour when you knew it not. In the camp my eyes have been open, and upon the trail I have kept the vigil always. I have seen the demon hunter many times; and many times has my presence restrained him.

"And now the watch is ended. Beyond this hour I have not planned. Since I joined you in the wilderness I have trusted in God from day to day, and He hath been to me a help and a guide. O, Maurice, bear with me yet a little longer. Let not my secret be known to the others now."

And thus speaking, Edith Duncan laid her head again upon my bosom; and I folded her to my heart, murmuring to God prayers of thanksgiving and of supplication.

When we returned to the camp, we found our companions there, and I was informed that the body had been buried. I walked out to the spot, and Edith—I must call her Edith now—went with me. By the bank of the river, beneath the shade of the great old oak where he fell, was the mortal body of Hector Vandorf laid to rest. We stood over the grave just as the first beams of the morning sun were breaking through the foliage upon it, and though we could not mourn for him as we might have mourned for one whom we had loved, yet we offered up a prayer for his departed spirit, with all fervency and sincerity.

Of the barrier which had been removed in Vandorf's death I did not speak. No—it was not the time, nor the place. There was no need of speaking of it. But I strove to conduct myself, both in look and speech, as though it were Manuel Marti who still bore me company. And I think I succeeded. And Edith succeeded, too. She was calm and collected, and our secret was safe.

"By my soul," cried John, as we rode on our way, "you begin to look and act like yourself, Maurice."

"Aye," I adedd; "and I feel like myself. I think there is joy in store for me."

"You shall yet visit me in my mountain home, and bask in the sunlight of Katie's smile."

"Yes," I said.

"And," he continued, "I hope you'll have a home as bright and happy."

Aye—and I hoped so, too. And, moreover, I had strong grounds for the blessed hope.

In a few days we came within the limits of the Missouri settlements, and our hunting excursion was over.

* * * * * * * * *

In St. Louis we secured rooms at the Planter's Hotel. It was the last evening we were to spend together, and we were asembled in our private parlor. But where was Manuel? Haskett asked for him, at the same time wondering what the boy meant to do with himself. I arose and left the room, and in a little while returned with a companion. It was not the boy. No. It was a maiden, fair and lovely as the first rose of summer, who leaned upon my arm with confiding fondness, yet trembling as she met the gaze of the company.

"Brothers," I said, "I have brought with me a very near and dear friend, whom I wish to introduce. It is Edith Duncan, of whom you have all heard me speak."

Edith trembled more and more as I was speaking; but gradually she controlled herself, and a warm smile broke over her features. Paul Redwing was the first to solve the enigma; for Edith's gaze had been directed to him, and her smile had beamed first upon him. He started up from his chair, and took a step forward.

"Lord bless my soul," he cried, "it aren't possible! But—ef this yer aint Manuel Marti, then who is it!"

Had Edith denied the assertion, she might yet have puzzled them. But she had no inclination that way. With a quick step she reached the trapper's side, and gave him her hand.

"Yes, Paul," she said, with a delicate tremulousness in her tone, but without a blush, "you are right. You have known me, as these others have known me, as the runaway boy; and I trust that your kindness will be none the less now that you know me as I am."

A daguerreotypist might possibly have caught the expressions of wonder and amazement which appeared upon the faces of my friends; but I cannot describe them. Suffice it for me to say that, finally, they had all recognized her, and taken her by the hand; and then, with her consent, I told the story of her heroic and devoted mission. When I had concluded, the old trapper started to his feet, and flatly declared that he would give in to Edith Duncan.

"I'm beat," he said. "I'm distanced entirely. Bless my soul, ef this yer aint the greatest thing I ever heerd on!"

His expression was homely; but it was sincere and heartfelt, and Edith, knowing his idiosyncracies, appreciated all that he meant.

And the others were equally warm in their encomiums, though not so loud and full in speech.

We spent a happy evening, and then separated for the night. On the following morning Paul came to take his leave. He had engaged to take a party across the borders, and was to start in a few hours.

"I may never see ye agin, Captain," he said, as he held my hand; "but, ef I don't, I hope ye'll prosper."

Then he turned to Edith, and, as he gazed into her beautiful face, he hesitated. His warm tribute of affection to me had touched her heart, and a bright moisture was gathering in her eyes. Perhaps it was this that moved him. At all events, he took her by the hand, and yet did not speak; so she broke the silence.

"Paul," she said, the moisture in her eye gathering to a tear, and rolling down her cheek, "I shall never forget your kindnesss—never. While sense and reason are mine I shall remember you with fond affection, and when I pray to God I will mention your name."

She bent her head forward as she ceased speaking, and kissed the rough old man upon his lips. He was like a child then. He choked and struggled; but presently the tears started from his eyes, and his feelings found vent.

"Heaven bless ye for a sweet angel!" he cried. "Paul Redwing 'll never forget this hour of his life. I don't remember no mother, nor no sister; but I'll have a memory now as blessed as any on 'em; and sometimes, in the wilderness, on the long lone trail, I'll remember Edith Duncan, an' think, perhaps, 'at she's prayin' for me while I'm on the gloomsome watch."

Edith bade the old trapper farewell with more than ordinary feeling; for he had been the instrument, in the hands of Providence, of restoring to her more than life. And if she had reason to feel thus grateful towards him, how much more had I.

God bless Paul Redwing! God keep and guide him, wherever he may be!

* * * * * * * *

Time rolls swiftly on. Days lengthen into months, and months into years.

And where are my old companions of that western trail?

Dick Thorn is at his business in New Hampshire, a thriving, energetic man. The ladies all like him; but I do not think he has yet selected a companion from among them.

Haskett Eastwood, growing heavier in body, and more slow of motion, is at home, with his wife and child; and tells most wonderful stories of his adventures in the western wilderness.

Peter Hines—jolly old Pete—is seen every year by the thousands who flock to the White Mountains for their summer recreation. When you see the broadest and most glowing face, beneath a white hat with the widest rim, and a round, fat body, which shakes all over with fun and good-nature, be sure that is Peter.

And John Head—my own John.——Ah—here is a letter from him now. See what he writes:—"When are you coming again to see us, Maurice? Katie says she is anxious. Do set the time. And I want you to see our baby. It is the handsomest child that ever was. People say it looks for all the world like its father." Ah, happy John; and happy Kate. God bless you both! and may all sweet angels guard and guide your child!

Dear reader, do you wish, ere we part, to visit my home?

Ah, it is an earthly heaven we have beneath our roof. I turn to Edith, as I close these pages, and ask her if I do not speak the truth. She gazes upon me—she gazes upon our cherub child—and, with her hands folded reverently, she thanks God that it is as I have said.

THE END.

"A TERRIFYING VIEW."

Lady Mary Wortley Montague, speaking of the pleasures of the aged, writes to her daughter:—"I have long thought myself useless to the world. I have seen one generation pass away; and it is gone; for I think there are few of those left that flourished in my youth. You will perhaps call them melancholy reflections: they are not so. There is a quiet after the abandoning of pursuits, something like the rest that follows a laborious day. It was formerly a terrifying view to me that I should one day be an old woman. I now find that nature has provided pleasures for every state. Those only are unhappy who will not be contented with what she gives, but strive to break through her laws, by affecting a perpetuity of youth."

SHE LOVED ME ONCE.

BY FITZHUGH JOHNSON.

She loved me once, and memory now
Brings back those happy hours,
When love lay sleeping in our hearts
Like dew in summer flowers;
When each first nod was gifted with thoughts
As holy, pure and dear,
As if our every glance were steeped
Within the wings of sleep.

She loved me once, and so my heart,
This fond and blessed truth
In all but I, shall have secured
From blasted days of youth.
But still time knows of early love
Will come in dreams again,
Although I know that on this earth
Their return is in vain.

She loved me once, but, oh, not now,
I told her she was free;
Yet still within my troubled heart
There is no change for me;
For there were hopes still there within,
And never shall decline,
And while I live this love I have,
That once for love was mine.

THE HUNCHBACK.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

The opulent, spacious church was thronged in all its pews and aisles, close, warm, bright summer morning by an eager excited audience. The sun shone in through many colors of soft light hues, and their flowing drapery, occupied the best seats, and with waving of fans, perfumes, bright glances, smiles and bows to acquaintances, and the low rippling murmur of pleasant conversation, filled the long period of waiting. Some men, in strong contrast, by reason of the prevailing sombre hue of their garments, and the quiet but compressed expression of their faces, stood or sat wherever there was room. The crowd was gathered into the vacant "body pews," that extend invitingly open, but the impression that these were reserved for the alumni and undergraduates caused all strangers and persons to fill back without a murmur of expostulation.

If there is anything the American people respect, above the offices of religion and our own free institutions, it is decorum and all persons connected with its exemplification.

The American has immense self-esteem and a keen sense of individual dignity, but though an uncloaked man, himself, and sensing, in outward manner with the world, to display the knowledge of books and its possessors, he after all admires and esteems those who hide, repress and shows his feeling on occasion. So it chanced now that many hardshipped men of toil who had been wont to boast that "they had made money and done well enough all their lives without books," had come by hers in witness the scholastic triumphs of the sons for whose education they had worked and saved, the proudest and most eager of all the throng. Not even the dear exultant mother, nor the fair precious sister, not the blushing, timid fiancée, who betrayed her interest only by the restless access she could not quite repress, felt deeper anxiety or prouder triumph than these men, for there were worthy sons of these rugged sires to bid forward in the battle. Sister and fiancée shrinking, and commerce fearlessly the career of manhood, with its struggles and its triumphs, its toils and its rewards. Of disappointments they dreamed not, for years like the future only to them the brightest hues, and knows not how to dread the chorus of adversity.

There was a murmur of the expectant throng, as eager bending forward as the procession, headed by the faculty, entered the church, a whispering murmur, an interchange of swift pleased glances, as the officials and the graduating class placed themselves upon the platform, and the alumni and under-graduates in the pews, and then all subsided into a reverent hush, as the opening invocation of the President fell upon their ears.

Music followed prayer, and then the students, one by one, came forward with the offerings of their genius, as the results of eight years' toiling—two very different things, by the way, though often confounded.

And so the day wore on. Many an eye had gained bright lids on the open strains of those lavish-blown had faded in the dim light of the midnight lamp, and upon this bright hour and many young forms, so erect and agile, of those to whom nature had been more bounteous in her gifts of strength and vigor, were at last, when all were done—poem, oration, Greek theme and Latin—these promised—promising the valedictorian. There had been a hush of expectation as he came forward, for his reputation had been the tales that clustered around the mysterious name of Francis Grainger.

Timidly and slowly he came forward. A faint flush of relief tinged the marble pallor of his face with its exquisite Greek lines, its pure lofty expression, and rounded, massive brow; its pure brows, while rigid lines of determination gathered round his small, perfect mouth, and set, as if within effort, he conquered his reluctance, and, first bending low, raised his head and looked out upon the audience.

Marvellously beautiful was that head, with its pure white brow, its curling chestnut hair, its spiritual eyes, and deep tone of voice, should the sudden halos that swept the white cheek as they fell. One sitting there, in the President's pew, very near the platform, leaned in a position to gaze from the window with unwonted brightness in her eye, and murmured, "Is a little more than the angels?"

And time might more than one have thought who looked on Francis Grainger that day, but that to come across the mistletoe, that parasite that siphons this lovely head had its mission of repulsion. The students more sometimes the spiritual beauty of that almost angelic face had no significance. It was but an accidental beauty, and a fine head above those ponderous, distorted shoulders, set in the unerring proportion of a bow that could not leave its work with no external manifestation of the hunchback's deformity, and fully shrived.

But Miss Lawrence read the problem aright. Looking upon that face, uplifted in the inspiration of the hour, listening to the singular, indefinable but marvellous melody of that voice, watching the airy sunbeam that darted golden arrows among the heavy chestnut curls, she felt by above the pure brow, turning them into a glistening crown, and reflected on philosophic halo around the head, she recognized by these signs, partly natural, partly—as she almost thought in the exaltation of the moment—supernatural, the true spiritual nature of him who stood there before the many eyes that noted nought but deformity.

Entranced she listened, till the last silvery cadence died in the hushed silence of the house, then, amidst the restless rustle of myriad soft movements that followed his retreat, she drew a long, shivering sigh, brimful of rapt unconsciousness, and came back to consciousness of time and place.

The further ceremonies of the day were soon over, and the audience dispersed. Miss Lawrence went home to the house of the friend with whom she was staying, as one in a dream. She went to her chamber at once, for she longed to be alone, to bend in her heart this strange awes vision that had visited her. But in this she was disappointed. The house was full, as houses are wont to be on commencement days in college towns, and she had been forced to share her room with another guest, who, in her active girl, who presently entered, pouring forth a flood of voluminous praise, all this she also had thought and now that day. Miss Lawrence was a lady, and she gave polite attention to the superficial twaddle, as long as it touched only on common and trivial matters, but when the mention of Francis Grainger's name, coupled with some commonplace epithet, she could bear her utterly the girl had failed to read aright this glorious spirit, and, with indignant flashes in her eyes, while from her lips poured forth a reproof that sent the latter frightened and pale, pulled from the room.

To have to listen to harsh the maiden sanctity of Miss Lawrence's thoughts in that brief lonely hour of self-communing for she wished. She joined her friends at the tea-table, with her usual quiet, sinuous regal air of self-possession, but there was a secret something at her heart that she entered the gully lighted rooms at the President's house more slightly for every gaslight would be at the lawn, and who was sure to meet Francis Grainger.

Miss Lawrence was a wealthy orphan, a beauty and a belle. She was accustomed to homage, and her manner unconsciously exacted it from all who approached her. But now, she noticed the brilliant circle that surrounded her, she missed from among them the one face, the beautiful face she longed, yet dreaded, to behold. Unacknowledged to herself, yet from the conviction that somewhere his fate was connected with hers. She might see them now together with scorn the intimation that the hunchbacked student could ever be aught to her, for he had interfered into no plan or purpose of her life, but not the less did her unconscious heart recognize him.

She saw him sitting apart, no one near him but a sweet, fair, elderly lady, whom she knew would have gravitated to the mother by nearness, on eye. Many persons came and spoke to him, and he responded with his usual courtesy. There was an evident sensitiveness, a peculiar shrinking manner, that made it plain that the consciousness of his misfortune seldom left him. And yet Miss Lawrence remembered that she had forgotten self in his inspiring theme a few hours before; that she had seen no trace of shame but admired him then. He caught a glance of compassion from her eyes, and flushed, but there was a look of deeper pain and mortification settled upon his features.

Later in the evening Miss Lawrence was seated, at the piano, and some one asked her to sing a song.

"Francis Grainger must sing that with you," said her friend Estelle. "He has one, for years, in unison, will make it perfect."

He came slowly and reluctantly. He felt that his bad nothing in common, he so physically deformed, with the accomplished belle of the season. He thought she pitied him also, and that was worrowest to his feelings. But the noble resignation to his fate had all vanished—Francis Grainger was fast becoming morbid.

She looked up as he came, and he stood beside her, she bowed to him so kindly, almost reverently, as if in acknowledgment of the proportion of his manly form vanished. He loved music, revelled in it, and the thought that he could mingle in a flood of melody and sacred into the heart of another, for the time, made him forget everything but the lovely woman who sounded there. Miss Lawrence's fine contralto rose as she sang, and the music that seemed almost a part of her form.

When this song was ended, they sang again and again. And when, at last, Miss Lawrence rose from the piano, he drew a long quivering breath as she laid down the music and there were descending from his spiritual heights.

She leaned upon his arm and crossed the room. He shrank from the contrast, but she, by rare intuition, guessed his sensitiveness, divined how best to repay him for pain so unnecessary given, and asked to be presented to his mother.

In those simple and unconventional words, that Francis Grainger bore his mother, was beautiful to behold, and it was impossible for a brish devotion that seemed to fill and absorb her nature to entirely fail of its effect upon so sensitive, so shy lored and cherished him with supreme fondness. Her son was the idol, whether in face at least, and her pride in him was no less than that of the fond mother. But the stricture was but his due, in her estimation, and she was jealous of the sensibilities. So, when she secretly pleased at Miss Lawrence's polite consideration, she could not but experience a slight overcome dignity that seemed to assume them as her right.

She was jealous, too, of this beautiful woman, who charmed all and turned from all coldly and calmly. What if Francis Grainger was to also be repulsed, as he surely would be—a cold pang darted through her heart—and then she was surprised at random as she watched the eyes of Francis drooping for the first time, and her hand, and the graceful curves of their perfection.

So she said:

"She will only scorn you, Francis! Why, oh, why did she come? She is not for you, my own, and happy till she came."

So signed Francis Grainger, as she sat beside the couch of her son in their private parlor in the Mansion-house Hotel. Francis had left the calling since the commencement; over-study and excitement, the physician said, and the fond mother had come from Saratoga to seek strength for him. Mountain Springs was but a few miles from college, and the hotel accessible to all the habitants, so that scarcely had the Graingers become established there, than Miss Lawrence, a host with his family, and Miss Lawrence herself, were announced, and the mother and son with a revelry in that loveliest of rural watering-places.

Miss Lawrence always delighted in a conquest in the kindest manner, but this both mother and son understood, and the former received the passionate complaisance toward the unfortunate. Francis could not long resist one whose was equally jealous of any other love, and of his. So he smiled upon her, he responded, he approached the aching heart of her son, day by day, with the kindest motives, and when at last he would, he bid the page. And so, day by day, he sank deeper and deeper in the toils of one who could so daring, and the kindly meant consolations of his mother.

She closed his eyes now, and the labored breath, and the hectic glow on his cheek, told how he suffered. His sleep was restless, his slept, was silent.

Voices were heard in animated conversation in the adjoining parlor, Miss Lawrence's, and every words floated through the open door. Estelle Dy the sound, Miss Lawrence had acted herself accustomed to the sound of her voice reached them, in tones low but clear.

"Hush! the next room is Mrs. Grainger's. Your words can easily be heard there."

"Why should I care?" a man's voice replied. "Francis Grainger knows he is a hunchback, and I had no malicious meaning in calling him 'humpty-dumpty.' He went by that name in college, you know."

"And you have called him so? You have dared add one pang to that subject heart! I blush for you, sir. I am mortified, pained, grieved for you, more than I can tell!"

"Quite unnecessary!" replied the voice, half angrily, half scarily. "I am not the least ashamed nor grieved for myself. If a man's a hunchback, mustn't he expect to be called so?"

"Perhaps, by such as you," replied this clear, indignant voice, "but you shall not, in my presence. Please leave me at once, or ask my pardon for the insult you have bestowed upon my friend."

"Your lover, I think you should say, madam. A lady does not so assume the quarrels of a man as to be a second champion. But I will not. I beg to retract my words, if not, I acknowledge my right, and will leave you presently to call me to account for them."

"I shall not quarrel with you, and no further to your offence! Henceforth we are strangers," returned the indignant, retreating voice.

Returning steps were heard, the door closed, and the voices were lost in the hall and parlors from the veranda. Within the room there was no sound but a low sob of deep anguish, "My lover—my lover!"

Mrs. Grainger glanced at her son; she had believed him in blissful unconsciousness of this painful scene. But the glance revealed, by the glare of his bright eyes, that the sleeper had not slept. He had heard all—was he dead? A shriek like a fire rushed from Miss Lawrence's heart.

She sprang from the window and appeared on that which led to Mr. Grainger's room. In another moment she stood beside him, and was supporting her head with her shoulder, her bosom. She was steadily calm—the calmness of despair, possibly, and she met the disturbed mother in search of restoratives, and addressed words to her even though those of Francis' fond servants brought. She had no tears then, no thought of self, nor the strangeness of her position.

The mother was wild with despair. She hurried to and fro, sending for remedies, and demanding unreasonable things of them. So it chanced that when Francis Grainger opened his eyes once more, and with a faint, bewildered look, there was no one present but Miss Lawrence, who pillowed his head upon her bosom.

He closed his eyes again, and smiled faintly, and listened to remorse her. It was not till Miss Lawrence replied, which was made by those who began in a startled manner to utter his thanks. And yes Miss Lawrence replied:

"We are alone?" he asked. "If I may not thank you, let me implore you to forget the wrong you that I have never had the presumption to think that you—you could love me. But I will do not believe, Miss Lawrence, that the poor hunchback Francis Grainger has offended you in any degree? I know not well—"

"There could be no presumption, no audacity. Do not pain yourself—I am more sorry than I can tell you for what I have said."

"But I am not—can never be, since I have loved from your own lips that you are not reproached upon me, and I am not the least offended—"

He lifted her hand to his lips with his usual grateful world, and while he pressed fervent kisses upon it, she murmured:

"In silence, in silence, for you I could have done otherwise!"

But Miss Lawrence over the loved syllables of his name, as if they were her heart's music, and, lifting his head from her bosom, he looked up—their eyes met. A lightning gleam, a flash of scarlet, a quiver of indignation, burst hearts. It told of mutual love. The proud beauty and the gifted, beautiful student had found each their heart's home.

TRUE TO HIS FLAG.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

When, early in the summer of 1812, it became known to the various Indian tribes of the frontier that the United States were about to war against Great Britain, the principal war chiefs were loud in urging that the Indians should keep their friendship for their American brothers, so that the Great Father might have no excuse for them against the English. But from a mistaken beautiful to behold, and it was not surprising it elined to accept their services. Had it done so there is no doubt that the British would in peaceful mood might have been prevented. Such, however, was not the case.

No sooner was it known to the enemy that there were those among the tribes, holding out their hands in friendship, than emissaries from the former friends, and take up arms with the English.

The old chief, whose name was Red-skin, refused to receive with the Americans, refused to listen to the seductions of the agents thus employed; the wily Englishman, Colonel Caldwell, by means of the bob-headed young chiefs, gladly emancipated their captives. But the Indians, as engaged in the fierce contentions of warfare, they found that they had to deal with a foeman worthy.

Among those warriors who thus took part with the enemy was a young Indian, whose name was, led on by their respective chiefs. Of course, the latter were not to be the authors of this tribe who refused to take up the hatchet unless they found his people enlisted in the service of the hostilities.

He was an old and much respected chief named Ne-ga-wa-ee, or *Little Wasp*, and was said by those who knew him best to be the wisest of all the Sioux.

The least specimen of humanity to be found among the Chippewas, at all times remarkable became remarkable then, that they were so.

Ne-ga-wa-ee, over six feet in height, was straight as an arrow, and his limbs and with a muscular development seldom met with among even his people. Although over sixty winters old, his features, he possessed a countenance of striking beauty, and his eye, clear, bright, piercing, at once proclaimed him a nobleman of his race.

Shortly after the declaration of war between this brave old chief, with his warriors, presented themselves at the British fort of Detroit, territory, tendering his services for the country. But the offer, with many others, at first was not was refused. However, to temper the refusal, and still to retain the good will of the old chief, the governor directed that he should be presented with such presents as would please his warriors might select.

Then it was that Ne-ga-wa-ee, when the proposition was made to him, "tell the governor our good rifles and our tugs will supply us with food," replied, "tell our Great Father we are strong, and if not permitted to fight for the country which we have chosen to live in, we will require his food and clothing. Tet there is one present we would ask for ourselves." And the chief pointed upwards to the beautiful stars and stripes, floating proudly on the breeze over his head.

"Tell the governor," said he, "we would be proud to accept that, and if we cannot fight under it, we would rejoice to see it waving over our council fires, and we will promise that the Squiaset (British) shall never take it from us, or insult it."

This request being communicated to the Governor, he immediately sent for Ne-gwa-gon and presented him with a large flag, which the Indian received with great satisfaction, and rising it above his blunk hark canoe, pushed out into the river, and with his gallant folds streaming behind him, and followed by his warrior, he soon disappeared from sight around a bend in the bank.

After the war had progressed for some time, and the enemy had obtained possession of all the North-west frontier, including the city of Detroit, and the important post of Mackinaw, Ne-gwa-gon, with his family and a small band of faithful warriors, retired to his old hunting ground, on the mainland near this last named isle. Here, according to time to its close, he resided in a comfortable wigwam, above the top of which the eagle, waved the stars and stripes presented to him by the governor at Detroit.

Word soon reached the British officer in command of Fort Mackinac, that the American flag was floating behind almost under the very guns of the fort; and a party of soldiers was sent to investigate the matter.

These men returned to the fort, saying the flag had been hoisted by an Indian, who refused to take it down. On hearing this report, the commanding officer, after reprimanding his men for not bringing the offending bunting from its staff, mounted his horse and rode out to the lodge of the Chippewa chief.

On arriving there, the first sight that greeted his eyes, was the hated "red, white and blue" flaunting amid the trees of the forest, while from the door of a birch bearch, it was held by the Chemo-ka-man, and must not fly here."

"Why not?" demanded the old chief, without removing his gaze from the officer—"it may fly?"

"I—I—did I?" replied Ne-gwa-gon, while he turned the other," and I shall not permit it to fly here. King George is master, and he owns the country. I repeat it, that flag shall not fly here."

"And who'll prevent it?" exclaimed the Indian, advancing to the Englishman; and assuming all the hauteur and dignity that a brave chief could assume, continued, "I tell you that I'll here, Sigolonti?" and he pointed proudly to the flag, and then to the officer—"that is Ne-gwa-gon's flag! And when my good friend, the Chemo-ka-man, tells me that it shall not fly there, I will not heed, upon the word of a brave, that it should not be insulted—and an Indian chief is no spiritless coward."

Three words were accompanied with certain demonstrations on the part of the brave old warrior, that convinced the British captain, that he was not to be trifled with, and that, in giving vent to his excessive anger—in threats of what he would do on the morrow—the officer turned his horse's head and galloped back to the fort.

True to his threat, on the following morning, the Chippewa chief, with a guard of soldiers, sallied out of the old fortress and directed his march up the camp of the "Great Englishman," he pointed proudly to the flag that floated from the branches of the tree

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

The Cloth of the Exercises and Upparatus Circular for the Ledger.—We are now ready for contractors to bid for the cloth of the Ledger for the ensuing year. Said paper will be put by us in order for the printer's hand, on a reasonable trade, our specialties in paper have the confidence of our readers.

We always send the Ledger at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, as we do not like to run any risk. It would be well to renew your subscription at least one week before the time expires.

No Traveling Agents.—We employ no traveling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, do not take him as an agent.

We cannot change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his former, as well as his present residence.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AT LONDON IN 1862.

Though we are surrounded with the panoply and terror of war, Peace yet asserts her noble function in industrial and artistic shows; and not satisfied with present exhibitions, discovers in the future, as appears by the appointment of Commissioners from this country to take part in the World's Fair at London in 1862. Then, while we are battling for national existence on a sectional integrity, we coolly agree to enter the lists abroad for the display of our inventions and fabrics in competition with the old, skilled nations of Europe. There is something noble, rising almost to the sublime, in this calm assumption of our ability to carry on a contest on a supremely grand scale of expense, at home on a day not covering the outlay, and a half-million of soldiers actually to be required for the field, and at the same time not stint the claims of art and industry, nor permit a struggle of this or of prospective declension.

As we are therefore to be competitors with Europe at the coming Industrial Exposition, it is to be hoped that we shall profit by our errors in the previous one. In the vast area of the English Palace in which was the display of many of our American contributors. This vastness, how was it filled? Not at all. The Washington, it was a conglomeration of starved distances, of ostensibly relieved by a collection of articles of all types of ours with "goodness" to their chins, and the desire and threat in the sinister side of the shirt front, and the inevitable column, tubular and ornate finishing off "the composition" and—India rubber shoes, hroses, overcoats, and in fact India rubber manufactured into almost every thing possible and impossible. Without the cigarcovrieges and India rubber what would we have done at that Exhibition? Why, sunk—to be derided—and the spare result was pounded into English journals in a compound with the vain-boasting of our nation. And yet together as we are fighter, the world did not do us justice. There were some other things of American make at the show not appreciated. For example, the American Axe. In an old, dumpy country it was hanging proper compared with the positively gorgeous weapons in gold, silk, marble, paints, enamels, which made the same drunk with their beauty. Besides the axe, were there, gratuitous hams and grandeurs and glories in its home. It tells of forests torn down, of civilization pushed into an empire so great in its utterance as almost to extemporize considerations, of the Pacific coast already grand and settled, of more rapid transit than Europe can present, of a whole new theory of humanity. And then the plain, "wooden-script" reaping machine, over which the London Times made itself merry, was there, and admirers until the great agricultural trait took place, and then the same Times said: "The Great Exhibition had done nothing else but make the English public acquainted with the extent of what would be more than compensated for all the labor and expense of the Exhibition."

But we cannot afford now to offer a repetition of starved distances at the coming exposition. At present, in the name of a former plethora of the articles, against the many disparagements of our India-rubber oversleeves. England knows what we can do in that way, and it is not necessary now to crush her again. Let us, too, not aim to rival what in the our skilful Canadian cities, where we have shut up every woollen factory in the State of New York, and superbus troubadiums which were sold at twelve cents a pair a few short years ago, are no longer made by us; or silks, or vehicles, or fine axes, or any articles of the handicrafts; but seek to fill a modern space at the new Exhibition with certain labor-saving machines and tools wherein we excel, or at least can successfully compete with European manufactures. At the best we cannot do ourselves anything like justice taking part in the Exhibition. The vast proportions of much of our machinery forbid competition across the Atlantic, and in the peculiar adaptation of other kinds for this country, and for Europe, renders them unsuitable for such a show. Russia reads, and can understand, the Yankee compliments to English Exhibition, a magnificent parade of things for the table and of clothing, and in the country, contributes the homely machines, which multiply artificial hands by hundreds of millions, and create wealth, and the objects in daily wear and use by millions of people. These are not brilliants to show upon.

During this in mind, the Commissioners can serve us from a suppleties of many things, and the plosions of laughter which greeted our previous blunders. Let us be satisfied in time.

THE "PRAIRIE MOTOR."

This is the name of the most stupendous thing ever seen on wheels in this or any other country. It is the king of vehicles. We saw it looming up, vast and black, the other day, in Twenty-third street, looking in the distance like the wreck of a mighty ocean steamer, from which all the timbers had been washed away, leaving only a hump of machinery. We beheld down on that strange craft some such an observation car.

A brass plate on the hub of one of the great wheels notified us of the fact, that the structure before us was the newly invented Prairie Motor; i. e. a locomotive for high-economics, or our only contributor, Fanny Fern, suggests) designed to traverse the prairies and draw great trains of wagons, without the aid of rails. It was about twenty-five feet long and six feet wide. In four wheels, two of which were eleven feet high, and the other two seven feet. Those wheels were nearly two feet broad, and the tires were divided into short iron knobs, to give them a hold of the greasy plains on which they are to move. Upon this vast wagon was mounted the steam engine that is propel it; the huge boiler being hung under the floor of the wagon, and extending from the fore-wheels to the hind-wheels. In front was the steering apparatus, precisely like that of a ship, with wheel and chains, controlling the fore-wheels. The furnace was behind the large wheels, and is designed to burn wood.

It strikes us that this is an important invention, especially when we consider that recent events will probably defer the building of the Pacific Railroad for several years. There are thousands of miles to traverse before the western country which the plough will not break for many a year. The pressing necessities, too, of Pike's Peak and Oregon renders it slightly desirable to shorten the distance between them and the Mississippi.

The question is, will the Motor work? Time will show. If it should get well under way, in a prairie "clear," such as may be found within twenty miles of Chicago, we see no reason why it could draw it out, unless a herd of buffaloes should be provided upon to lend a helping shoulder. But, then, proper care will keep it out of rivers. The Motor could not be expected to run the sum at the wheel. Upon the whole, the invention is worthy encouragement, and we wish it success. We warn our young readers in the prairie country not to be frightened if they should see, some fine morning, a fearful looking monster coming down upon them, with great forth fire and smoke, followed by a require fifty of wagons. It will only be the new Prairie Motor with a train in tow.

THE LONDON TIMES AND THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

It does not follow, because a newspaper has a vast circulation, and its political articles reflect or guide the opinions of a majority, or even a large minority of the people. The unrighteousness and opiniousness of its foreign and domestic intelligence, and occasionally its reprehensible leaders facilities for obtaining information from private sources, may have a controlling influence, give it almost universal currency, and yet its arguments may have little or no influence, and its dictum be received with contempt. In short, the London Times is a great institution, and yet few disciples or friends. People often regret for its influence, but few have any respect for whose principles and policy they despise.

The Times, however, has a powerful antihanding its large circulation, should not on that account be looked upon as the mouth-piece of the rich views or wishes in relation to the United States. It has no responsible class in which the English can express the bitter and malignant spirit in which that journal sends forth its announcement of the Union and predicts its downfall. We prefer to believe that the venomous sheet which, as we see by its issue of the 19th, takes occasion to denouncing at their inception the most benevolent movements of the day, and to which the privileged Few—we prefer, we say, to believe that this libellous foe of free institutions and popular rights, finds and scandalizes the English nation whose sentiments it imperfectly reflects on American affairs.

Putting aside the fact that "blood is thicker than water," and ignoring all claims to British sympathy on the ground of consanguinity, identity of language, and similarity of representative systems and of codes, the English people and John Bull must be galled and outraged by the insinuations against American stock which pervade the articles of the London Times. Here is one of its recent correspondents, on "the civil war in America" (for the London Times refuses to recognize its authority, that we are a set of Rebuilds and runaways, what will be the effect of the Northern blockade, while we were yet in the throbs of early childhood, and were taught to look upon Britannia as our mother, and to look upon her as our mother, and to look upon her as our mother, and to look upon her

TO AN IMITATOR.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Touch not, touch not that delicate harp,
But let it lay upon his tomb
Invisible as the miasmatic
We've taught above his clay to bloom.
Even if thy skill could fear the strings
Who mourn such as one is to you,
Know that when their great master died,
Their great and holy work was done.

II.

Off with those bold, reverent hands!
If there soul stir, they go, like Ate,
And leave in their accursed wreck
To Nature's glorious cherubim
Fearful lack and bear them at their sway.
Then leave God last ten given to thee
That poesy hath wielded mortals
Creation's awful hierarchy.

EUDORA;
OR,
THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE UNSEEN FOES," "THE SPOIL OF DEVILS," "THE WIFE'S VICTORY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A body that is at ease,
Freely goes her iron bed,
Her bed that is her native land,
To coldly converse by the
The silent voiceless air court.
Then sleeps she, sleeps she, nothing hears
Till cold and unconcerned she wakes. MOSAIC.

The first thing Malcolm Montrose did the next morning was to go over to Allworth Abbey to fetch the small sky-terrier that had been Eudora's only pet.

He found the poor little creature rambling disconsolately about the grounds, where the servants had let him also strangely wandered, as if in search of her lost mistress.

He took her with him in the chaise and drove to the prison.

He was admitted at once to the condemned cell, where he found Eudora reclining upon the bed, from which she seldom now arose, for her strength seemed hourly wasting, and it was a question whether she could survive till the day appointed for the execution, to undergo the sentence of death. She was attended by the stern-faced woman who alternately, with Barton, kept guard over her.

She arose upon her elbow to welcome Malcolm, but she could speak, Pitchie, with a quick bark of joy, had recognized her mistress, and sprang from the arms of Malcolm to the bosom of Eudora, where she nestled, trembling with delight.

The poor young prisoner smiled faintly as she put one hand caressingly around her favorite, and held out the other to her visitor, saying:

"I thank you very much, dear Malcolm, for fetching her. You know my little thing. I am glad she does not know," she added, tenderly caressing the dog.

Ah, but Fidelle did know—if not the nature and particulars of the awful circumstances—the fact that something had gone woefully wrong with her mistress, upon whose fond, young, upturned eyed countenance she gazed with the touching, mute eloquence of a dog's unconscious grief.

Malcolm seated himself beside Eudora, and watched her assiduously as she lay dimly smiling and softly caressing her little mute friend, and apparently forgetting for the time being her own awful position. And so he could not, for his heart ached with the foreboding fear that her mind as well as her body was giving way and sinking into imbecility under the pressure of her heavy calamity.

He wished to test the truth of his suspicion by conversing with her upon some subject more serious than that of her little dog, who seemed for the present to engage all her attention; yet he hesitated to disturb the transient peace that seemed to have settled upon her ireland spirit like a blessing.

"I wonder if they would let me keep her? she could do no harm, you know, poor little beast, and it would be almost a comfort to have something here that loves me through the sleepless night," said Eudora, taking her eyes with pleading inquiry to Malcolm's face.

"I think they will, if you so much desire it. I think they will, for you are the most favored of rules do not absolutely forbid," answered Malcolm.

"It is only a few days, so they might not mind, you think?" Why, even the cruel heart of the French Revolution let Marie Antoinette keep her little dog, though they took crown and kingdom, husband and children, and even life away from her, and cruelly——"

"I will see to it, love; there can be no possible objection to giving you a harmless pet for your indulgence," interrupted Montrose.

Malcolm's own admission comprised only one hour of each day. It was supposed that longer or more frequent visits would only distract the prisoner's mind from the solemn duty of preparation for death, for which so short a time had been granted her.

Punctually, therefore, at the end of the stipulated hour, the warder unlocked the door of the cell, and informed Mr. Montrose that his time was up.

Eudora held her little dog towards him, saying:

"You had better take her down and get permission before you return to-morrow for her use, Malcolm."

Montrose silently received the little animal, but when Fidelle perceived that she was to be carried off she set up such a piteous howling and struggling, that even the stern heart of the female warder, callous to human suffering, was touched with compassion, and she said:

"I think you may safely trust to leave her, sir. You can ask the governor about it when you leave visits, and then, if no orders or injunctions are made, it will be time enough to come and fetch her."

"Thank you; I think you are quite right," said Malcolm, restoring the little creature to her embrace. Then stooping, he pressed his lips to the forehead of Eudora, promised to repeat his visit on the next day—as indeed he took his leave, and left the cell.

In the hall below he met the governor and preferred his request. And Mr. Anderson, really pleased with the opportunity of granting any indulgence to the unhappy young prisoner not inconsistent with the duties of his office, readily consented, and he himself went to the cell to assure Eudora that she might keep her little four-footed friend as long as she liked.

Malcolm Montrose left the prison wondering that he had not encountered Aucella Wilder there or on the road. He felt extremely curious again to see and speak with that mad girl, who he much feared, was rushing headlong into some frantic imposture which, without helping Eudora, might ruin herself. He vainly looked out for her on his way back to town, and vainly expected her during the remainder of the morning.

The whole day passed without his seeing or hearing anything of the admiral's grand-daughter.

The next morning, however, as he was sitting over an untasted breakfast, impatiently waiting for the hour at which he might visit Eudora, the door was suddenly pushed open, and, unannounced, Aucella stood before him.

He positively started with dismay at her appearance.

She was dressed in black as on the previous days, and her face had always been pale and wasted from the effects of the long-continued slow starvation of her childhood's years. But now two crimson spots burned in the hollows of her cheeks, and her eyes glowed like fire in their sunken sockets. She seemed consuming with some hidden fever or restrained frenzy.

Malcolm took her hand, and made her sit down in the easy chair, while he said:

"I did not see you at the prison yesterday. I hope that illness did not keep you away?"

"It could not have done so. No; they would not admit me yesterday, and they will not to-day. They say that so many visits disturb the prisoner's mind, and draw off her thoughts from the duty of preparing for death. They say that from this time no one is to see her, except the officers of justice, the chaplain, the Gospel, and yourself, as her nearest living relative!" answered Aucella.

"They say—who say, my dear child?"

"Why, the sheriff and the governor, and even the chaplain, who stood my friend at first, but who now says that my daily visits will do the prisoner more harm than good."

"This will interfere with your hopes of saving Eudora," said Malcolm, only with the view of drawing her out; "for, of course, if you are not permitted to see her, you can do nothing for her?"

"Yes I can; besides, I shall see her once more. The sheriff promised that, to get rid of me, I am to be allowed one parting interview with her the day before she is to die—*To die!* as if he thought I was going to let her die!" exclaimed Aucella, feverishly, while the crimson spots in her hollow cheeks burned more brightly, and the smoldering fire in her sunken eyes flashed more fiercely.

"What are your plans, Aucella?" inquired Malcolm, with as much calmness as he could assume, secretly hoping that she might have forgotten her former refusal to confide to him, and would now, as a matter of course, inform him.

But Aucella had a good memory and a firm will. She replied:

"I regret that I will not tell you! I will not tell any one! I will act alone! If my act be a failure, my project shall pay for it! If it be a sin, my soul only shall answer for it! If I am taken, I will not tell, even if they will lay the blame! If it succeed—as it shall—you only shall gain the benefit!"

"The honor, from whom?"

"From Eudora, of course, for saving her life! from no one else, for none but her, you, and myself, shall ever know that she is saved! And you shall believe that she perished!"

"My dear, dear child, you talk wildly!" said Montrose, anxiously.

"I do not, even when I allurate that Eudora shall be saved, while all the world, except us three, shall believe that she has perished!"

"Aucella, you speak of impossibilities!"

"You will find before three days shall have passed away that I speak that I have converted those impossibilities into certainties."

Malcolm Montrose buried his hand upon his breast, and remained a few moments in deep and anxious thought. Then looking up, he said:

"I have been vainly taxing my brain to discover what your scheme may be; but I cannot find it out. I cannot even guess what it is."

"No, I presume not," replied Aucella.

"You are not perhaps dreaming of such an impossible thing as getting her place and dying in her stead?" inquired Malcolm, dubiously.

Aucella hugged her knees, and, rocking herself, as she replied:

"No, for that, indeed, would be impossible though, could it be otherwise, I would gladly attempt it, since it is no more than I owe myself than to see a dear friend die! But such is not my plan, and I will not, even to you, be practicable. I should be found out in an hour. Besides, even to deceive the jailers would require the connivance of her warders, which you know cannot be gained by love or money. No, Mr. Montrose, what I do shall be accomplished without the assistance, unless perhaps, even knowledge, of any soul within or without the prison! It shall be accomplished by myself only!" said Aucella, proudly.

Aucella Malcolm pressed his hand upon his breast, and fell into profound and troubled thought. At length he raised his head, and said, very gravely:

"I have discovered your scheme, Aucella; and I am glad that I have done so in time to save you from attempting to put it into practice."

Aucella started wildly, and gazed upon him anxiously.

"For the very attempt would be a crime."

"Well, it would be no crime, not yours. I should have to answer for it, not you! And even if I choose to peril my life, liberty, and honor here, and my salvation hereafter for the sake of Eudora, it is not your head or voice that should be lifted in blame for it. Besides, it is a noble, indignantly, rising and pacing the floor, "twenty-fold more noble than you have ever discovered my plan. My scheme involves no sin, for I shall not take away a single life except the physician's! No; for if my scheme succeeds, I shall never again see the face of a human being, or possess one of her life, health, and families! Excuse my having forgot you, I could not help me while I ran in the cell. No, Mr. Montrose, you have never injured, but you have also

a position. I fear that it is only assumed composure, for I see that she is shaking fast under her heavy misfortunes. Now, tell me, does she not put herself under great restraint when I am with her?"

"Well, sir, she certainly has very much more composure when you are here nor she do at any other time. I think, however, that's partly because she do feel it to be a comfort and a support to her like to have you along with her; and partly because she have got to keep up her feelings for fear of hurting yours. Leastways, I know she don't give way to her sorrow as she do at other times," answered Mrs. Barton, thoughtfully.

"How is she at other times?" inquired Mr. Montrose, anxiously.

"Why, sir, wrathful, very much so indeed; for sometimes she will be quiet enough for hours and hours together, and then, maybe, something will happen to bring her doom afore her all on a sudden—and that's worse, and clap her hands over her eyes, and fall to shaking as if she was mad with an ague fit. And when she's over, she'll turn on her face, and not move nor speak for hours and hours more."

Malcolm groaned with anguish.

"And sometimes, sir—and that hurts my heart worse nor all the rest—when she will be lying quite calm, she'll put her finger and thumb around her throat and press it, and then quickly drop her hand and scream with terror, and fall into another shaking agar it."

Another involuntary groan burst from the overcharged breast of Malcolm, while Mrs. Barton continued:

"But, sir, sir! what could you expect from such a sorry child as she is, with such a mother afore her? Why, sir, I've been in service here this twenty year, and I've seen the most strongest and hardened men as ever was fair shook to their turn grey with the thoughts of what was afore them, between the day of conviction and the day of execution. So what could you expect of a poor, tender girl, with but her finger and thumb 'round

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "ONE STEPMOTHER," "ASSIGNED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Who was my preacher, sir. But truth to say
I cannot call to mind a single word
He uttered in the pulpit. Strange indeed!
We never speak to God, nor seek the Book
Of revelation more, than when the Sabbath
Is wearing to its close, and then we read
The Bible, or we pray, just upon the hour
We've promised to attend the house of worship.

It requires a nicely-balanced mind to judge humanity rightly. The worldly allow too much for the weaknesses and vices of our nature; the rigidly virtuous, too little. Neither take into account the affections, tender memories, and sympathies—the ground on which the soul will finally fall into one common error.

These reflections have been induced by the firmness with which the old nurse, Ann Boiles, kept back my friendly inquiries in her cruel endeavors respecting the marriage certificate of Clara's parents. The faithful creature had such a confused idea of its importance, but her dignity and trust had been outraged, and no trace of the lost document could be found.

The precious couple were holding over the affair one evening in the presence of their son, who evinced even a greater anxiety than his parents to obtain possession of the paper.

"I do not worth a shilling—it sounds to us at least," observed his father, "as I could use it."

"A fortune," said his wife. "And only think of being robbed of it by the villainy of the old fool upstairs."

"He was her obstinacy," said her son Master-hew, in a tone which indicated but slight respect for the authors of his being.

"What is it, then?" demanded Pry.

"Your weakness," replied the young man. "If I had the dealing with her, I'd make her tell what she has done with it."

"How?" inquired the woman, eagerly.

"Think I don't ask him," interrupted her husband; "bother, you know we have tried well enough, and only want to give him an opportunity of telling it over again; he will not get out of it. I dare not! Mat has the heart of a tiger!"

"And you of a chicken, father," replied the son.

"It would be murder."

"Pish!" demanded the younger ruffian; "we could always stop in time to prevent that. I have no more idea of running up my neck for a moose than you have. Hooper, they say, will turn evidence. I once tried it on a dog," he added, "and it answered well enough."

"This thing is right," said Mrs. Pry; "we could always stop in time. There is a fortune within our reach, and we are afraid to grasp it. And I like you. You never would exert yourself as you ought to here done for the advantage of the family."

When women once give themselves to evil, there exist but few barriers they are not capable of breaking down. The fall from the virtues of their sex to the worst forms of crime is short and in the extreme.

"It would not do, wife; I tell you it would not do," muttered her husband.

"Not do?" When Mr. Pry had his offered you a thousand pounds for the certificate!" exclaimed his better half, indignantly.

"Father would never be such a fool as to let him have it for that," observed Mat. "If I had it, I'd make five of it; or, at any rate, enough to keep us at my ease for the rest of my days."

"How would you make it?"

"Think my secret, father."

"You are very clever, no doubt?"

"Clever enough," replied the young ruffian, "not to have thousands in my hand and lose them for want of pluck to close my fingers."

Pry continued silently meditating for some minutes on the suggestion his son had thrown out of making enough to live upon in the rest years of his obtaining the marriage certificate. He knew that it would be impossible to obtain it by wringing such a sum from Mr. Parkt; the old money-lender would rather die than part with it.

Another idea struck him.

"Mat," he said.

"Yes, father."

"Did you make all the conversation you overheard between Colonel Mordaunt and my uncle?"

His son smiled.

"I thought so."

"Well, father, I did not."

"And I do have been such fool as to give you free guidance. Mat—Mat, what do you expect will become of you if you will not develop your own talents?"

This rebuked, which was positively unjust, appeared to affect his hopeful offspring but very little; he rather chuckled at the idea of having enriched his old one.

"Aye! aye?" said the mother, "leave the boy alone, his head is screwed on the right way—he has no ridiculous squeamishness about an old fool who ought to make our fortune, and does not. I hate obstinacy."

This sentiment, uttered, and lured on by the hope of obtaining a competency—a thing he was very far from possessing—the resolution of Pry and his spouse was, and he at last consented to try what a little cunning might effect upon the simpleton.

Before the final word was spoken he proposed that they should visit the poor old woman in the garret, and make a last attempts to shake her firmness.

Ann Boiles, as our readers may suppose from her position in life, was anything but highly educated, but she possessed what was better—a good head, and had been given her—discernment, and an incalculable skill in reading character, poverty and the worthless had taught her errors and mold lessons. Had she possessed the certificate they were so anxious to obtain, affection for her children, pride, or a sense of principle, would have induced her to do her best to keep it from them. In her position honesty became prudence; her life, she shrewdly argued, would be of little value to them if the monsters had once obtained the object of their cupidity.

Hitherto, her food, although of the coarsest kind, had been unstinted in quantity, and she was used to hard living.

A feeling of fullness crept over her, assuming almost to terror, when she saw the three wretches enter her prison chamber.

"What do you want?" she exclaimed. "I have told you already that I have not the thing you seek. There is not a rag belonging to me but you have examined over and over again. You will gain nothing by keeping me here."

"It is your own fault," observed Mrs. Pry.

"You have only to act reasonably to be free," added her husband.

"Give it up at once," said the son.

"I haven't got it; search again if you please."

"But you know where it is, or who has it," observed the young ruffian, "and that will answer our purpose quite as well. Why be so obstinate? why force us to treat you as an enemy?"

"Enemy!" repeated Ann Boiles, "I never injured you."

"Not when you deprive us of the opportunity of making——"

"Silence, mother!" interrupted the son, "you are too simple and straightforward to talk to her. Leave her to me. Look you," he continued, grasping the feeble creature by the wrist, and forcing her into a chair, "we know that your daughter brought the certificate of her marriage with her when she quitted India."

"Perhaps she may—many things that I know nothing about," replied the nurse.

"What became of it when she died?"

"I was most likely. Those who wrote for me —for I can't write myself—played me false, and kept back my master's letters. I never received one. Everything my dear lady left was parted with to support the children and myself."

"A piece of paper would not fetch much," observed Mr. Pry.

"Then why are you so anxious to obtain it?" demanded the prisoner, sharply. "You don't run the risk you are running for the pleasure of increasing a penny. Gladden your hearts with yourself. I am not book-learnt," she added; "but you can't make me believe that."

"Is there no advantage to be made of it," said Mat.

"I know there was!" exclaimed Ann Boiles, shaking her head sorrowfully.

"Would it not share any gleanings of food?"

"Would you starve me?" demanded the horror-stricken nurse.

"Perhaps," was the brutal reply.

"Then Heaven have mercy on me!"

"Have mercy upon yourself, and act like a reasonable woman," observed Mrs. Pry. "It will not be our fault, but your obstinacy, if you die."

"Wretches!" said their prisoner, roused to indignation by the cruelty of their conduct, and then the brutality of her persecutors, "were you to tear me limb from limb, I would not give it up, or point a finger to guide you where to find it."

"But it is not in my power," she added.

At this last assertion Mat broke into a loud laugh.

"Aye, laugh!" exclaimed the helpless creature; "laugh at my terrors and my sufferings; you will not feel so merry when I am dead."

At this allusion to the possible result of their iniquitous conduct the countenances of the group fell, and the laugh of Mat Pry was changed to a scowl. His father exhibited anxiety.

"It's all very well to frighten her, if he can, into a confession," he observed, "but we must not be too much let the boy carry the thing into fun, you know."

Mother and son both sneered at him for a chicken-hearted fool, and partly by threats, partly by promises, tried to work on the fears of the woman, the door of which they locked carefully on quitting.

As the sound of the bolt shooting into the socket fell upon the ears of Ann Boiles, an indescribable feeling of loneliness came over her. Her imagination, naturally somewhat morbid, as there she had companions in poverty and suffering, the idea intensified by her confinement, and the female purposes to distract her attention from the dreary silence, flashed upon her with an awful one to some minds—as one upon her; she formed one of a number, and this number constituted a little world to her.

The power to do without it seldom held her patience was but little exhausted in inspire pleasant thoughts; the only articles of furniture contained in it were—the mattress on which she lay in one corner of the room, a table, and a broken chair. The fragments of food, which were scantily turned, lacked upon the roof, which was sufficiently high from the floor to admit of a window.

"They say Providence helps the widow and the aged," she murmured, "and I am both, and it is so, for never have I been in greater need." She pore over the thoughts of her early days—the mistress who had been so kind to her—her husband, whose honest but humble worth was of the exclusive battle-fields of India—the children she had borne to him, and who might have been a second mother to.

As these recollections flitted through her wearied brain, like dim shadows of the past, tears trickled down her cheeks in their path.

"A crust and water daily," she repeated. "They mean to starve me. I suppose they think it the best way of getting at it. Well, I won't take long to do. But I will disappoint them in that," she added, in a tone of degraded resolution. "My dear mistress shall not have to reproach me with words with which she taxed the trust she placed in me, and sold the birthright of the husband I nursed and loved. The wretches little imagine how near their victim is to the world worth with which they would not Heaven, perhaps, watched over it.

"I may not live to see my son on to the grave," she resumed, after a few moments' reflection; "but I never desired it as I do now."

The poor creature had neither light nor fire in her miserable chamber, and the night came on intensely cold one: the wind howled with a low, wailing sound, like mournful voices in agony, round the gables of the house. Thunder, chilled, she crept to her pallet, and covering herself, dressed as she was, with the scanty clothing endeavored to forget her sorrows in sleep.

Sin crept on one and; she lay wakeful and watchful for hours, listening to every sound, straining her ears for the return of which the voicious murmurs that come to us in solitude and darkness.

Once or twice she muttered to herself, "The wretches are gone abroad to-night."

When Pry made his appearance at his office the following morning, he appeared in unusually high animation. Day after day he had waited in expectation upon the word. Patience, like everything else, comes to an end at last, and he proposed to question his surprise ing his prisoner.

"Does the old fool still hold out?" he demanded.

"More obstinately than ever, sir."

Mr. Parkt curled his lip contemptuously.

"I and my wife have done our best," added the clerk.

"All?" repeated the money-lender, with a peculiar emphasis upon the word.

"All, sir. That is to say all that would be agreeable. She has had hard fare, and neither fire nor light. She declares that she knows nothing about the certificate."

"And you believe her?"

"Almost."

"I do not," exclaimed the hypocrite; "I feel certain that she has it."

"It must be hidden in her heart then," exclaimed Pry; "not a rag belonging to her but has been ripped and ransacked."

"At least she knows where it is concealed," added his wife.

"That may be. But we can't get the secret out of her."

"The thousand pounds I have promised you is a very large sum," observed Mr. Parkt; "to a man in your position an independence."

"I don't you think I should like to earn it?" demanded the confidential clerk, bluntly.

"Well, well, perhaps you would!"

"And have done my part."

"Mr. Pry," replied his employer, bluntly, "you are a fool, or you must have some secret motive for acting as I told before. I feel convinced she has the paper, or can tell where it may be found."

"What else can I do?"

"It is not for me to suggest the means by which you are to obtain the money; I am to pay it when the thing is accomplished. Still I should think—but there you know best—little guards pressure, nothing violent, that is to say. Do you comprehend me, Pry?"

"Shall I tell him of Mat's plan," thought his employer.

"A thousand pounds?" ejaculated Mr. Parkt; "ten years' salary—by no more."

Here the conversation dropped; but the impression upon the mind of the clerk remained. He came to the conclusion that his master and he were right. During the rest of the day, the idea of the means and the many things he could do with it, haunted him. He could think of nothing else, and his meditations were still of a thousand pounds as he walked home in the evening. Even in a few yards of the cottage a number of boys were ranged in a circle, playing at pitch and toss, and Pry stopped from habit to keep themselves warm. Neither the circle nor the game were unusual occurrences in the neighborhood, and one of the lads contrived—as he was expected to do—to fall out of his ring with his ball.

Pry collared him and shook him soundly.

"Couldn't help it," said the offender.

"Impudent young rascal!"

"Please give us the ball!" exclaimed a chorus of juvenile voices.

"No!"

"Why, it isn't yours."

"No matter."

"You won't keep it?"

"I will—and you to be more careful in future," said Mr. Pry; "the game is a dangerous one for windows, and I am a householder."

So saying, he threw the ball which he had picked up upon the ground, and left them.

It was well that he made his escape quickly for the lads would have given the couple of shillings number of mow-balls rotted against the door of the house, and on the window.

"The spiteful old scoup!" muttered one of the boys; "I'll pay him, if I live to see any one of his."

"His son Mat is no better," exclaimed a second.

"And his wife worse than they say," observed a third; "but shaving them won't get back our ball."

"It was my fault," said Peter Fitzman, the lad who had occasioned the loss, "and I'll get it again."

"How?"

"Never mind."

Mr. Parkt's house joins his. I saw where he fell. I've often been resting on the roof—we're pretty by moonlight—to-night."

With this promise the speakers separated. Colin Fitzman, the owner of the premises of his ill-natured action, he would rather have threatened than spoken fire than have thrown the ball where he did.

Pry, in the mean time, to fate in all things.

Mat's scheme for breaking the resolution of Ann Boiles, by starving her, was not to be overcome alone mother. A crust of bread and a glass of water every day, without variation, at length succeeded, but for four-and-twenty hours. No wonder that she felt faint and exhausted on such fare.

Some natures appear to take a fiendish pleasure in the infliction of pain upon their fellow-creatures. Where cowardice has prevented or opportunity been wanting to indulge in this evil propensity, we have known them exercise it upon the brute creation.

If Mrs. Pry was not afflicted with this morbid feeling, she was one of those unfortunate beings only akin to it—a profound indifference to the sufferings of others. She could see the aged woman to her pity had been met with threats. The poor creature's struggles and prayers for her elicitancy.

"Let me make you speak," she observed in a harsh voice, as she quitted the chamber, on the last day of her husband's endurance with the boys. "You don't know what hunger is yet—wait, only a little while longer."

"God help me!" exclaimed Ann Boiles, clasping her hands despairingly, "and take me soon, for I am weak, and can bear no more. I have sat on its hands and, poor and ignorant as I am, I know that I am dying."

With this pious reflection, the prisoner crept from her miserable bed to the door, and, with slight of loneliness and misery.

As the female fiend who guarded her observed, hunger is a sharp teacher. Long before daylight the following morning the wretched and limited space of her prison with rapid steps to and fro, and then, as the morning advanced, at moments yielding to bitter despondency, the tears streaming down her cheeks, and moaning from prayer.

Exhausted thus occupied, the light became suddenly obscured, as if a shutter had been partially closed over the window, and the sound of a man in his hands,

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

WIND OF AUTUMN.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

Wind of Autumn, gently, gently
Yet awhile thy trumpet blow;
Gently, gently through the fading
Glory of the great wood grow!
Gently!

II.

While their bended sides and pastures,
While thy dark locks softly wave,
I can hear with stillness waiting
Over my dear one's heart-grave!
Gently!

III.

But the terrible, wild wailing
Of my darkened, sundered home,
When thy trumpet's dismayes
Down the mountain sweep roll—
Hopeless!

IV.

Then it seems the work of Nature—
Alien strokes by me unfelt;
Thou indeed I feel my spirit
Standing blanketed, cast and bleed—
How lone!

V.

Oh, the Wind of Autumn, gently
Yet awhile thy trumpet blow;
Gently, gently by the fading
Glory of the great wood grow!
By low grave, oh gently go!
Gently!

ESCAPE FROM THE TORTURES.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In the spring of 1848, a young man by the name of Charles Evarts set out from his home in Connecticut, to seek his fortune in the wilds of Oregon. An Independence, Missouri, he found and joined a large party bound for the same destination. With this party he continued till he reached the Rocky Mountains. Here, one day, dropping behind the train to stalk a deer, he got bewildered and lost, and was on consequently taken prisoner by a small band of roving Indians. Of his capture, treatment, perils, sufferings, and final escape, we will let him speak for himself, merely adding that his narrative has never before been published.

"I had been hiking-in home without eating a morsel of food," says Evarts, "and the pangs of hunger were becoming extreme. At this time I was at the bottom of a deep, dark hollow, almost a gorge, with a mountain stream at a narrow, rocky kills rising all around me, the most gloomy and desolate I had found in the world. It was now late in the afternoon, and the sun since daylight in the morning I had been struggling forward, endeavoring to find my way out of this awful solitude to some region where animal and vegetable life existed, but, aside from my efforts promising success, my heart was become filled with despair, and as I sat myself on a rock by the side of a rushing, roaring stream, it was hard to say which of two evils would come and relieve me of my troubles.

"As I half sat, half reclined on the rock, looking instinctively into the flowing stream before me, I heard a whistling, unearthly sound, and saw some half-dozen arrows strike close around me, and fall into the water on my right arm, through the fleshy portion of which one had passed. Instinctively I grasped my rifle and sprung to my feet, to make a defence for my life, but on turning round I met a fearful sight—a dozen or twenty screeching savages scattered among the rocks in different directions, and all were prepared for another flight of their steel-pointed missiles. I gave up the idea of resistance or escape, and, dropping the breech of my piece, held up my open palms in token of a peaceful surrender.

"They did not shoot at me again, but evidently discovered my pacific intentions. For a short time every one remained at his post, with bow bent and poised arrow, and then some three or four of the boldest, keeping themselves ready for an instant flight, began to advance toward me with great caution, and so continued till near enough to examine me, when, finding no still greater, they suddenly sprung upon me, bore me to the earth, and bound my arms and legs almost in the time it takes me to tell of it. Then they took away my weapons, ammunition, and every trinket found on my person, which were divided among the whole party according to rank or station, the leader or chief of course retaining no less than seven.

"Having robbed, they now began to abuse me, raising upon me a perfect shower of kicks, cuffs and blows, and pulling out scarcely the most disbelief. Then they tore the arrow from my right arm in a manner to cause me pain, and cause me the most excruciating pain, and then again, as if this were not enough, they raised me to a sitting posture, and knocked me down by kicks and blows in the face, till my features became disfigured, bloody and swollen.

"They were incited to such acts of cruelty, and I known beforehand to what cruelties they would subject me, I would have died on the spot rather than have fallen into their clutches. If they possessed any of the softer feelings which humanity more or less exhibits, even among the most barbarous, they failed to make such manifest by either looks or actions. To what noble they belonged, or by what name they were called, I do not know. They were all young and light, but with stout bodies and strong, nimble limbs. Their faces were quite broad and flat, with large mouths, coarse teeth, small, snaky eyes, and low, narrow foreheads. They were almost naked, but bedaubed with paints of different colors, laid on in streaks, spots and various odd devices. As they howled and danced around me, while inflicting blows and kicks, I could liken them to nothing but fiends of darkness, come up to earth for a season, and I truly felt the only mercy I could hope for would be a sudden death from an unguarded hand. I expected, however, it was evidently their design to kill me only by torture.

"At length they seemed to tire of their hellish sport, and collected together for consultation. This ended in a series of unworthily characters, but whether of satisfaction or otherwise I could not tell. They now approached me in a body, and seizing my limbs free for the purpose, began to swing, or toss me, shaking and dislocating my shoulders, in the same manner they had done my weapons and other valuables. Then they bound again my arms and legs, set me up against a rock, and, going back a few paces, began to shoot at me with their steel-pointed arrows, their object being not to kill me but to prune the flesh and see how close they could come to my life without taking it. They were better marksmen in this respect than I could wish, for it was not long before the over of their muscles would pierce my heart and end my troubles, but a half hour's practice only covered me with petty wounds and blood, and a little spot, like the other, was relinquished for nothing else.

"As it was now near night, they unbound my legs and set off over the rocky hills, compelling me to keep them company, though I was so faint from fatigue, the want of food, and my recent inhuman treatment, as scarcely to be able to stand. Moreover, the sharp, rough stones over which I had to pass, cut and mangled my naked feet in a manner to afford them great satisfaction, and the worst places were accordingly sought out for my passage, and I was guided several by the sharp points of their spears and arrows. Once I threw myself down, resolved to go no further, to the consequences of which they might; but they pricked me so severely, causing me no small pain, that I was obliged to yield to their wishes.

"Just at sunset we descended a steep declivity into a little basin-like hollow, that was completely shut in by the mountains, with a single ration of a narrow gorge at the upper and lower extremity, through which flowed a small stream of clear water. In this retreat—which, owing to the difficulties of reaching the summits of the surrounding hills, might never be discovered by the casual wanderer and explorer of that desolate region—there were a few trees, bushes and some grass and flowers—about the only green things, except a few sparse stunted pines, I had seen for nearly two days.

"We made a halt in this place by a narrow, winding path, silently and stealthily, till we reached a high, flat rock near the bank of the stream, and then my fiendish captors, baking and forming themselves into a circle, simultaneously gave utterance to a yell that echoed fearfully among the rocks around us. Then to my surprise I heard this answered by a series of discordant howls, apparently from the bowels of the earth in different directions; and immediately after, as if by magic, the rock on every side of us became alive with shrieked old men, with looking hags, a few women, younger women of various ages, and quite a number of children—all of whom, as soon as they gather around us, and testify their delight more by actions than by volume of sound, than the former.

"Of these new tormentors had been allowed to assume themselves to their satisfaction, I am sure I should not now be living to tell the tale; but the chief, who wanted to preserve me for other purposes, soon interfered, and, to save my life, and I was rescued from their fiendish hands. I was then led to a cave, or sort of cave, where my legs were again corded, and I was left to myself, excepting that many old miseries through the night, without a morsel of food, or even a drop of water to allay or to quench my fever-burning thirst.

"Oh, the horrors of that night! that night! so covered with wounds and bruises, I lay naked on the cold stone floor, with cords on my limbs that I could not slip, and actually dying of hunger and thirst—I could not describe them if I would.

"The next morning I was unbound and led out into the open air. The sun shone bright, and and faintly sank down from sheer weakness, and I thought that I was dying. I had had no food and water. I did not expect to be relieved by any act of humanity; but while I lay in a fever—for the desire to preserve my life still lingered—the chief of the tribe to which my captors belonged appeared, and a small quantity of soup was prepared for me, which I swallowed in a measure relieved me. I was then allowed to sip water, and I poured it down as though it were the last drink I should ever take. The effect of the soup was prepared for me, which I swallowed in a measure relieved me. I was then allowed to sip water, and I poured it down as though it were the last drink I should ever take. The effect of so mean impossible. I was a great deal refreshed by all this, and was then told that I designed for me to run the gauntlet—a custom which I believe prevailed among all tribes of red men in America—I made signs that I was incapable, and was all the more anxious to undergo the ordeal, they lavishly bestowed, ever ones prompted me to make the trial. I was willing, some, to attempt to run between the two lines of men, women and children, armed with clubs, that I should be killed on the spot, and I would be put as well, if they felt so disposed, to let them do so. My object was to die—to escape the cruelty saved my life—for finding that neither signs nor pleadings could alter my purpose, I was finally dragged back into the cave, to be kept for a future occasion.

"After this, for several days, I was treated more humanely, if such can be said of me, as my limbs were mostly left free through the day, though closely guarded, and every night my feet was allowed a reasonable amount of food and as much water as I wanted. I began to hope I was to be adopted into the tribe, and this at no distant period I might either my escape. The latter I did not wish to attempt, except as a last option I assumed a natural indifference that completely deceived my captors, and I believe did deceive me insane. When he had finished his work, the young, middle-aged and old were satisfied my bones behind my back, and led me forth to the stream, where I was commanded to bathe, who greeted my appearance with the wildest merriment, while I was quite languishable. Then they all rushed up and surrounded me, the grandchildren—and commenced singing, chanting, and all sorts of capering, which, to a casual observer, the narrow scribbling me with sticks, clubs and stones, and otherwise maltreating me whatever my inner ingenuity could devise.

"I was then conducted to a small tent, formerly into a level, open piece of ground, and was given a reasonable bowl of soup and some sun fat from the centre. To this circle were placed in the centre of a circle, and all sat down, and this rope was now made secure to the ligaments around my ankle locked my legs. Then, all being prepared, a signal was given, and, and, and—Heaven help me!—the fiends of devils might have carried, four whirled out from the centre, on burning brands, and not fire to the fagots in four places, when each contributing her work by advancing to me and touching the brand to my flesh, I screamed and a piss knot. The pain, of course, caused me to turn and writhe, but the fire was regarded with peals of laughter.

"The performance now succeeding me were like tinder, and as the flame spread away rapidly from each point of kindling, I was quite out of a circle of fire, which was just far enough off to give me hope to breathe, though not to flesh, and in fact must see by slow degrees. At first, the fagots were not very large, and as the savage, at least with the fortitude of a martyr-ing, by the way, is a long time in dying, and he was an "unhappy public," and they were over a bigger fire."

"PATCHED" GARMENTS.

To the mind of an observer there is a great deal in the patched and mended garments of a poor man. They speak whole volumes of patient poverty. They tell of the unrepining and industrious wife, and of her long hours spent with the weary needle; of the striving endurance of her who, with humble pride, would turn the best side outward. Never seem the patched coat of a poor laborer—for that laborer, may be, has one at home who loves him; and this is more, also! than many a rich man has.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[A.] The Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mails. We make this statement in order that every person may understand exactly what claim to the consideration for the answers he may receive. Letters addressed to the Editor, or to the Publication Office, will get both, and are carefully filed away for future notice.]

Emma.—The difference between *melody* and *harmony* (which your music teacher assures you it is not at all necessary you should understand) is simply this: Melody is a succession of single notes, whereas harmony is composed of two or more notes sounded at the same time. For instance: If we take the eight notes of the diatonic scale in the ascending note, only repeated an octave higher, we have a melody; but if any of the superadded octave which extreme has not been able to follow. Jig-Saw Girl: Our answer to one name same as the original note, and is another different, but beyond that we cannot promise the will which must have been placed over this mystery. The value of women is known to those who have it not. Ask the man of sense, and you never stop to perfect accord with his sweetness—their voices being as much alike as their brows. Mitherside: Ask your wife here; for it is found that a string producing a tone is no more lighter than any other tone, when it first feels the rapidity—the vibrations being thus the same in the one case as in the other. Mrs. Partington: The atmosphere is the lowest of type of the organs which produces the distant-sounder tone—are thirty-two to a second. The gun is the same above it gives 64 vibrations of the atmosphere to a second; the next 128; the next 256, and so on, doubling every eight notes or octave. This mathematical law runs through all the varieties of sound, and every musical sharp or flat, and every instrument of sound, has to give forth its appropriate number in a fifth from anybody's ear that notice of music is founded on mathematics, and that the ear which is a matter better for him to have to be slave is governed by the same laws under which Kepler and Newton pursued their profound researches.

Fanny.—It is impossible for us to say whether or not you have been imposed upon by the man who has sold you that piece of property, as we do not know under what circumstances you make his acquaintance, what degree of confidence you have reposed in him, whether you have of his respectableness of character. In all such matters there is no safety but in caution. Even if we had the parties hereafterably concerned—so much in the manner and the circumstances—that a competent answer very well doubts as to what would be proper and justifiable.

Ben and Sam: Both of you are right. Each of you owns a young lady his caution as to the propriety of doing anything or accepting a gift from anybody; and we are not to the thing or accept the gift. Sir should always be left entirely to the discretion of the lady who is the object, and so nothing which she is not certain is perfectly proper should be done or received by her. Even the most scrupulous, however compassionating they may be, in the matter of receiving gifts, are not always the wisest. A white that weighs one thousand pounds, kept in the dark, becomes entirely bodied, and will not sell. They are usually fed on salt, because cats are about the only animals that will eat them